Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

NO. 201. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

IN THE STOCKS.—No. 2: MALIGNED "HERBERT."

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Why not dress better for less money; call or write for particulars, W. W. Hedgecoe and Co. (West End Cutting Experts) 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (two doors from Gray's Inn Road.).

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blue serge suit, cost 60s., 20s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 55s., 25s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 45s., 20s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Estcotte, 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

Three gent.'s white shirts, size 15½, 4-fold, cost 6s. 6d. each, brand new; bargain 8s. the lot.—Box 9255, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London E.C.

One pair boots and trees, both practically new, size sevens, bargain, 11s.—Box 9411, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's hunting boots, with trees, sevens, super. make, by Hall, Regent Street, cost £5, as new; accept 50s.; bargain.—Box 9412, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Riley tricar, 4½ h.p., chain drive, free engine, wheel steering, water cooled, lamps, etc., £15, or nearest offers.—Box 9419, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's very good Humber cycle, 24in. modern frame, free wheel, and brake, good tubes and tyres, perfectly sound and good condition; what offers.—Box 9420, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Ever Ready electric dumbbells, new, in case; cost 30s., accept 15s.—Box 9421, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Portable billiard table, 7ft. 6in. by 3ft. 9in., with balls, cues, rest, marker, and wooden top to convert to dining table, oak bed, only wants recovering; a bargain, 50s.—Box 9422, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1328.

Dated Sept. 7, 1912.

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MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 5251, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

One of the finest known tonics for all nervous disorders, headache, indigestion, etc., etc.; recipe, 1s. 1d. P.O.—Box 9173, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain cure for falling hair and dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Charts, books on Anatomy, etc.; £5 course for £1, or suitable exchange.—Box 9400, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

Volumes of "Answers" and "Tit-Bits" wanted about 10 to 12 years old.—Write in first case Box No. 9100, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

For sale, 70 numbers of "Quarterly Review," in good second-hand condition, unbound, ranging from April, 1881, to July, 1893; what offers?—Box 9432, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1322.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1324.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Strap watches, nickel or oxidised, reliable timkeepers, 7s. 6d., post free.—Ormsby and Co., 246, Earl's Court Road, London, S.W.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"Modern Man" pocket knife, treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Well bred bull bitch, quiet, good watch, fond of children; useful exchange.—Box 9434, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Typewriter wanted, visible, cheap, cash, change gold watch watch and chain.—Box 9435, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Waterman self-filling pen, cost 10s. 6d., 6s. 6d.; ditto, safety model, cost 12s. 6d., 7s.; both practically new.—Box 9436, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Remington typewriter, in perfect order, with base board and cover. No. 5 box carbons, cleaning sundries. 50s.—Box 9437, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1326.

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Modern Man

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

To the reader whose cutting is made use of a MODERN MAN *Fountain Pen will be sent.*

Our Subject "In the Stocks."

We do not like to be gratuitously nasty; but we cannot help saying that we cannot recollect having had such a poor apology for a Postmaster-General as Mr. Herbert Samuel. He may be well-meaning, but he does not seem able to do anything right. He is eternally trying new schemes, re-arrangements of routine, and labour-saving devices; but each of them is a failure rather than an improvement. What has happened, by the way, in the matter of Mr. Samuel's great idea—so much boomed some weeks ago—of "automatic" telephones at Epsom and elsewhere? There is an ignoble silence prevalent about them.

And Mr. Samuel's management of the telephone system as a whole is purely farcical. What is more, he has signally succeeded in giving rise to a stronger feeling of unrest, amounting indeed to actual disaffection, in the ranks of postal servants of all ranks throughout the country.

We urge Mr. Samuel, with his best interests at heart, to study Post Office work by starting from the beginning as a "boy sorter" or something. As it is, our front page cartoon hits off the Postmaster-General's condition to the proverbial T.

Senseless Craze for Notoriety.

A Mr. Peter R. Hawker has detailed the intended itinerary of his motor drive round the world in the braggart language of grandiloquence, not in the measured terms of a brave man about to attempt a worthy feat. Just for the fun of the thing, he has informed an interviewer, he purposes to reach Pekin viâ Moscow in seventy days, and then America viâ Japan. Many of the bridges in Siberia being known to be barely strong enough even for pony traffic, "one can always rush them at top speed and trust to luck," he suggests, with the light-heartedness (and light-headedness) that is characteristic of the cheerier forms of lunacy.

As for the roadless and inhabitantless vastness of mid-Siberia, "the only possible way to get on here will be to run the car on the railway track when there is nobody about, and what will happen if a train comes along I can't imagine."

No creditable great exploit was ever attempted in the silly spirit of talk like this. "I dare say we shall never come back again," says Mr. Hawker. Mr. Hawker's tastes and preferences in the matter of suicide are of no public interest, but his "we" included "a mechanic named Allen," whose engagement in this crazily-conceived enterprise looks like constructional homicide on the part of its hare-brained executant.

* * *

What an Opinion!

Mr. W. B. Cooper writes to an enterprising contemporary, published at a halfpenny, as follows:—

"It would be a good thing for the country if every halfpenny newspaper office in the country was burnt down, their editors hanged outside on galloweses as high as Haman, and their bodies peppered with bullets from a Winchester pea rifle as many times as lies have appeared in their papers—if that were possible! ! !"

A little more; and we shall begin to think that Mr. Cooper does not like halfpenny newspapers.

* * *

If we might venture a criticism of such a temperate and erudite effusion, might we say that we do not see what use "galloweses as high as Haman" would be, especially as we are not told the height of Haman?

* * *

"Sensation"-Loving Contemporaries.

While we are on the subject of halfpenny newspapers, we wish to enter a protest. The portrait of any unfortunate being who happens to be mixed up in a sordid and disgusting tragedy is reproduced, and re-reproduced *ad nauseam* in the columns of some of our "sensation"-loving contemporaries.

The "sensation" it awakes in us is anything but pleasant, when we are confronted day after day, time after time, with the counterfeit presentment of some unhappy mortal who would far rather be left alone than "advertised" in this ghoulish manner.

* * *

Let Us Kill.

There are hopes of a general raid on the dirty mongers of dirty postcards. The raid won't be premature. The window displays of pictorial nastiness have been a disgrace far too long. But to abolish or check the evil in the shops is only to abolish or check it half way.

To deal with it effectively we must attack it where it begins—the making places. Between the two methods of attack there is, in result, all the difference between killing and scratching. Let us kill.

* * *

Soft Man and Hard Woman.

Things are coming to this pass in America, that in no circumstance whatever will a jury convict a woman of husband-murder. "Even when the evidence is overwhelming," the State Attorney of Illinois has just declared, "men simply refuse to convict the opposite sex of such crimes;" and a well-known woman publicist declares her agreement with his prediction that if juries persist in acquitting, as they do acquit, proved and confessing murdresses, "the murder of husbands by women will surely become fashionable."

How would it do to let women try women in murder and some other cases? Not at all. If hard man is too soft in the presence of suspected beauty and weeping guilt, soft woman would be too hard.

* * *

American Red Herring.

President Taft has signed the Panama Canal Bill, adding a long and unreserved memorandum to Congress, the terms of which go to show that he found it hard to stifle his conscience. As a piece of special pleading pure and simple the document displays considerable ingenuity, and regarded as a red herring dragged across the track of the facts it is to be admitted that it smells high.

This last step in the progress of the Bill ends nothing—not even our sorely tried faith in the existence of a national conscience in the United States of America. It is not to be taken for granted that it isn't there merely because it is hard to find. Not all the American people are implicated in the American conspiracy to drown it in the waters of the Panama Canal.

It is reported that the two English suffragettes recently sentenced in connection with the dastardly Dublin Theatre crime have started a "hunger strike." If the "ladies" really prefer a feeding pump to a knife and fork, there is nothing for it but to indulge them. It's rather a nuisance, but the apparatus is inexpensive. If they won't feed they must be fed. There is nothing else "to it."

* * *

Sunday Flying at Hendon.

A word in the ear of Mr. Graham-White. Mr. White and his myrmidons are very energetic in booming the Sunday flying at Hendon; and by dint of distributing a few tickets at the stage-doors of theatres, manage to attract a few little chorus girls, male supers, and others.

Then the "meeting" is glorified with the title of a "Theatrical Flying Sunday." But why, pray, Mr. Claude Graham-White (we know you love your full name), do you advertise that you will fly, and then disappoint your public, as you did not long ago? And why not make your teas cheaper. The writer recently consumed one bilious red cake, a small piece of lettuce, and a cup of tea, and was charged a shilling. There is no doubt that there is room for improvement at the Hendon Aerodrome and in the way it is conducted.

* * *

Well Known Boxer's Acquittal.

We are very glad indeed to see that Kid McCoy, the well-known boxer, was acquitted on the charge of being connected with the Ostend jewel robbery. It was, so it appears, only on the evidence of a woman of no particular character, who was intoxicated at the time, and who afterwards retracted her statements, that Kid McCoy was implicated at all.

We must say that it is by no means satisfactory that this should have been sufficient to cause the famous pugilist so much natural distress; and we are sorry that the Bow Street magistrate could not have seen fit to use stronger terms to clear McCoy's character.

* * *

Our enterprising contemporary, the *Daily Mail*, is trying to rouse the public interest in "stock" neckties, such as were worn by our forefathers in the days of "side whiskers." There is no smoke without fire; and we, knowing something of the *Daily Mail's* "brainy" methods, expect some developments.

* * *

Some Peculiar People.

At an inquest held recently on a woman who fell in a fit and died soon afterwards at Canning Town, it was stated that she was a member of the Peculiar People, and that no doctor was summoned, but that "an elder of the church laid hands upon her, and offered prayers for her life."

We wonder whether that elder, should he ever find himself in as dangerous a condition, will be satisfied with the same highly effectual treatment?

* * *

Suggestion to the War Office.

The lack of adequate headquarter premises for Territorials is a grievance and a hindrance. Why don't we use the premises of our County Schools? When the schoolmaster has dismissed his boys for the day, let the Commanding Officer be free to march in his men for the evening, and the Scoutmaster his scouts. Where scholars play let soldiers drill. Of the classrooms make clubrooms—of some reserved portion an armoury.

Give juveniles and adults a common gymnasium in the same place. Where the former are taught what becomes their age and state, let the latter learn and practice what becomes their manhood—the first duty they owe to their country and themselves; one of the many of those sterner duties of the larger life that confronts our sons "after school."

The nation has built these premises, has paid for them, owns them; and to meet the necessity of our new Territorials (inherited by them from their predecessors the Volunteers), and the convenience of our new Boy Scouts, the nation should now extend their use to new exigencies. Why not?

* * *

"After School."

In scores and hundreds of country places the Council School house should also be the local (non-residential) barracks, the free library, the village hall, the village club, all in one—the centre, the rallying point, of all the public interest of village life. Again, why not?

* * *

"Kicked Out by Women" Evil.

Our recent outspoken articles on the evils of "undercutting" salaries by girl clerks and others are endorsed by yet another instance, which is worth quoting. A firm at Guildford recently advertised in a very famous morning paper for a young lady typist, with a knowledge of shipping work, and capable of taking charge of such a department.

* * *

Now, here we have a sphere of business activities which has hitherto been the undisputed province of male clerks, as it obviously demands the possession of high-grade commercial attainments. And as these are not usually to be found in "young lady typists," our point surely needs no further elaboration.

* * *

By the way, it is not only in clerical work that women are invading men's sphere. Nowadays, if you go into a draper's or hosier's shop to buy some collars, shirts, socks, ties, and so forth, it is quite on the cards that you will be served by a young lady instead of the male assistant you expected to see. You, as a gallant citizen, will probably be agreeably surprised; but this is none the less a hardship to the man who previously had the job.

* * *

The Sunday Performance Fuss.

Why all this fuss about Sunday theatrical performances? The long and the short of the business is this:—The performers do not want them; and the public do not either. The former do quite enough to earn their slender "treasury" on week-days and nights, without working on Sunday as well; and the latter have shown no inclination towards theatrical shows on the Day of Rest.

* * *

What should be supported, however, but is apparently being seriously menaced in more than one powerful quarter, is the cheap Sunday cinematograph show. This is often the only possible resort of young men and maidens on their one and only weekly "day out." A sweethearting couple say, the girl a domestic servant, and the youth a billiard-marker in a hotel, have obviously only Sunday to spend together.

* * *

Where then are they to go if it is wet?—and the odds are about a million to one that it is, this year, anyhow. The "pictures" are their only refuge; and in the interests of such people, if for no other reason, they should keep open on Sunday.

* * *

A Composer's "Composition."

Everybody except music pirates themselves rejoices in the falling-off of their trade, which only a few years ago was more profitable (and far less risky) than ever was the trade of the old sea pirates. Music piracy began to flourish in 1899, and had a grand run for some ten years.

During this period probably no individual sufferer suffered so much as poor Leslie Stuart—whose present address is c/o Official Receiver. He states that he has been robbed of his tunes to the tune of £20,000, and that to this loss are mainly attributable the troubles that have landed him in the Bankruptcy Court. Grateful to him for the other compositions with which he has delighted the music-loving world, everybody is sorry to hear of the composition of another kind which he is now compelled to offer.

* * *

The "Catch" of Death.

Travelling from Manchester to London, a member of one of the Carl Rosa Opera companies tried to lower a railway carriage window, the window "flew open," and the unfortunate passenger fell out—to be picked up dead, with a broken back.

There is nothing singular in the fact that the catch of the carriage door was proved to have been in good working order. These inside catches in such good working order that accidental pressure, touch or contact will operate them are a prolific cause of "death on the line." They make easily possible accidents that are easily preventable. The carriage doors of at least all long-distance non-stop trains should be made unopenable except by official manipulation of a simple mechanism by which the guard could control their locks.

Much could be urged in favour of such control on all trains on all journeys. Nothing can be said in favour of the fatal inside slides and handles in present general use to counter-balance their obvious and proved perils. Even the little fingers of a child can move them, and as a matter of fact many of their many victims are children. The inside "catch" opens the door to outside death.

* * *

Magisterial Inconsistency.

Magisterial sentences are frequently inconsistent with magisterial sentences. For instance, a murderous-minded malefactor, whose offence was especially rank, being that of exposing for sale artfully disguised green putridity that had originally been meat, was addressed by the Old Street stipendiary in these words: "I am going to take precautions to prevent your poisoning the public again."

This sounded hopeful, but what was the sentence that followed the sentence? A fine and costs! Now it has been proved over and over again that in cases of this class a fine plus costs does *not* prevent the poisoner from poisoning the public again. As a rule, the dealer in disease and death simply pays up and goes on poisoning.

However severely the undertakers would suffer by the removal of their energetic allies in the putrid meat trade, removed they should be; by the infliction always of maximum and never of minimum punishment.

* * *

Taximan's Playful Record.

Truly the City Summons Court seems to bear away the twice-cooked goody in the matter of ineptitude. If its officials are allowed to continue in their present happy fashion it will soon be impossible to go abroad in Cheapside without running a "fifty to one on" chance by losing some vital portion of one's anatomy. Here, for instance, is the playful record of a taxi-cab driver who appeared at the City Summons Court recently:—

Knocked down the post of a refuge in Cheapside, and carried it across the road.
Struck the kerb on the south side.
Swerved and struck the kerb on the north side.
Swerved back to the south side.
Run along the path for twenty-five yards.
Smashed the iron and glass of a shop basement, and then drove on.

What was the penalty inflicted upon him? They simply fined him a sovereign! Probably, however, if he had been out-of-work, his children starving, and he had stolen a 2½d. loaf, he would have been sent to six months' hard labour! *Fiat justitia!*

* * *

Bill They Left Behind Them.

When the egregious Pethick Lawrence couple, sentenced to nine months in prison and released, with the infamous Mrs. Pankhurst, after a few weeks, went away for a tour in Canada, they left behind them the unpaid bill of costs of the prosecution, which they had been ordered to discharge. Fortunately they also left behind them the furniture of "Holmwood," their Surrey residence.

At the instance of the solicitors to the Treasury, the house has most properly been entered and the furniture seized in satisfaction or on account of the debt. After so much flabby-minded submission to hysterical clamour, even this little assertion of power and determination is a welcome change.

* * *

The Woman Who Wanted To.

"Please can I marry again, sir?" a respectable looking woman asked the magistrate at Woolwich, who asked in return "Are you married now?" Informed that she was married, but had not seen her husband for eleven years, Mr. Gill inquired "Is he dead?"

Apparently with a glimmer of the legal bearings of the case, the woman quickly responded "Can I presume so?"

"I am afraid that I cannot assist you," said the magistrate. "I wish you could. I have got a good man to look after me and keep me. Do assist me to get married again!"

Again told "I am afraid I cannot," the applicant left the Court exclaiming "Oh, I'm so sorry. He is such a good man."

This makes funny reading, but there is another side to the incident. We think that the law in a case such as she stated should have been clearly explained to her. The very fact that she sought advice and assistance showed that she was anxious to preserve her character and repute. She and her "good man" would probably be glad—assuming the conditions to apply—to avail themselves of the qualified liberty of a deserted wife to re-marry.

* * *

The Law and Whist Drives.

The recreation-breakers are at it again. At the Lambeth Police Court last week Mr. Arthur Ernest Winder was fined £2, with three guineas costs. The offence alleged against the defendant was "unlawful gaming."

The heinous offence in question was promoting a whist-drive as to which the prosecuting solicitor was constrained to say that he did not wish to say a word against the way in which the drives were conducted. The people who frequented them in hundreds were of a most respectable class. Nevertheless, the High Court had declared this recreation illegal, so a penalty was duly imposed.

Of course, there are always the streets and the public-houses for people who are tired of sitting at home night after night!

* * *

Down with Vandalism.

The interest that is attached to the unfortunately decreasing number of structural relics all over the country is an interest that grows with age. The interest is mainly, though not wholly, a sentimental one, but the sentiment that such relics appeal to is a sound and healthy sentiment, the decay of which would mark a decay of some of the highest qualities of the race and of human nature.

Particularly rich in historical associations is the panelled room of the house at Uxbridge where the Commissioners of King Charles I. met the Commissioners of his rebellious Parliament. This house is now a wayside inn, properly designated the Old Treaty House, but known locally as the Crown. Unless somebody comes to the rescue, there is imminent danger that the ancient building, constructed thirteen years before the coming of the Armada, will be despoiled of all that makes it precious, and that the spoils will be transported.

Already Old England has parted with too many of her relics to New England. American dollars are a worse menace to our ancient buildings and other antiquarian treasures than are time and our own neglect. Hurry up, "somebody," and save the "Presence Chamber" of the Old Treaty House at Uxbridge.

It is a scandal that the Press should ever have to make such an appeal to "somebody" or anybody. It is a scandal that such Vandalism as we reprobate is legally possible.

* * *

Misplaced Ingenuity.

For misplaced ingenuity, commend us to a man who was awarded four months hard labour at Axbridge, Somerset, for attempting to obtain money under false pretences from an insurance company.

Mr. Dickinson, prosecuting, said the prisoner had had nine fires since April, 1910, and had received compensation in respect of seven of them. The fires always occurred in the kitchen. The prisoner would not be at home, his wife would be in the garden feeding the fowls, and the only person in the house would be a little girl, who would presumably knock over a chair on which clothes were airing, and the clothes would be burnt. The same coat and vest figured in all the fires. The prisoner had received £24 from different insurance companies.

Ingenious, as we have said; but it was the want of originality that spoiled all. He might have substituted a pair of trousers for the coat and vest now and again.

* * *

Proper Use of the Poor Box.

Charged with disorderly conduct in Hyde Park, a young woman of nineteen, describing herself as a domestic servant, stated that having had to sue her late mistress for wages, and the Judge having adjourned the case, she found herself stranded in London, without shelter or money.

Whether this statement of her plight be accurate or not, there is nothing inherently improbable in it, and the reflection is obvious that in any genuine case of the sort the assistance of the Poor Box should be available.

It is questionable whether Mr. Chester Jones said quite the right thing in the Juvenile Court at Old Street, when he told four youngsters—three of eleven and one of seven—who had robbed a little eight-year-old girl of 2s. 5½d., that they were a nice lot of scoundrels who in years gone by might have been hanged—especially as he proceeded forthwith to discharge one of them! Where, oh, where is that happy mean, which seems to be as elusive as the philosopher's stone?

* * *

Refreshments in a Church.

To what extent are the pastors themselves to blame for the weakening of the hold the churches desperately seek to retain upon the masses? They cannot be altogether exonerated—some of them, at any rate.

Here is a case in point. A certain village choir held a practice, and at the close were regaled by the Vicar with refreshments. Not in the vicarage or the parish room, which are within a hundred yards of the Church, but in the sacred edifice itself. And one of the churchwardens, who ventured to protest on behalf of some of the parishioners against such a lamentable want of reverence for the holy place, was coolly assured by his spiritual guide that he must be demented!

There is nothing surprising in the fact that he has, in consequence, resigned his office; nor would it be strange if he left the Church altogether. And that vicar, unfortunately, is by no means a solitary instance of the ecclesiastical stumbling block. We live, alas! in parlous times.

* * *

Ghastly Farce.

Plenty of unctious cant is devoted to the reclamation of the criminal, but to how very little of it is any practical expression given.

John Ellis, white-haired and fifty-two, after some thirty convictions for theft and robbery, made up his mind to be honest, and secured employment as a cleaner at St. Pancras Station.

Unfortunately for him, an ex-prison warder who knew him was also employed there, and this delectable parody of decent human being "gave him away" to the station superintendent.

As a mere cleaner he was scarcely in a position to cause any serious curtailment to the railway company's dividends, even if he had felt so disposed. Still, he was a gaol bird. That was quite enough, and accordingly he was thrown on the streets again, without a friend in the world.

Result: Another lapse into crime, another appearance at the Sessions, and another term of imprisonment. What more natural? But isn't it all a ghastly farce? Preach reformation to the criminal, and every avenue that leads to it is closed against him!

* * *

Little Short of Asinine.

To suppose for a moment that people are going to think any the less of the King's uniform, or of the King's soldiers, because a woman dresses herself in the former "for a bit of fun," and, thus attired, appears in the streets, is little short of asinine.

It is positively scandalous, therefore, that the Leeds magistrates should have sent Mabel Walker to prison, without the option of a fine, for one such escapade, on the alleged ground that she had thus brought the King's uniform into contempt.

It is the King's magistracy that has been brought into contempt, and it is the Leeds representatives who have done it.

* * *

Vehement Vicar.

A gentleman who evidently was endowed by Nature at his birth with a highly developed gift of the gab is the Rev. T. S. Cunningham, the Vicar of Chirton, Devizes. What is more, he does not seem quite to take to Mr. Lloyd George. This is what Mr. Cunningham thinks of Mr. George:—

". . . With all his cleverness, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a super-monkey.

"He has all the characteristics of the monkey finely developed. He has its mischief, its quickness; he strokes your face with a patronising air, and bites your nose when you are not looking.

"He possesses the honesty of the horse-coper, and a love for truth which is prominent in the character of Ananias.

"Mr. Lloyd George has not only four aces in the pack; he has 444 if he wants them. . . " etc., etc.

Now then, Mr. Cunningham, fair play's a jewel, as the Irishman said; and we advise you to try it. There are, it is true, a great many people who, like you, do not particularly approve of Mr. Lloyd George; but that undoubtedly well-meaning gentleman is not by any means as black as you paint him. Moreover, a good old saying tells us that we should give even the Devil his due; and don't you think, Mr. Cunningham, that your own particular rhetorical style is just a *leetle* unbecoming in a clergyman?

* * *

Alien Crews for British Ships.

The recent "Titanic" disaster, among others, showed us how vitally important was an instant comprehension by every man on board ship of the orders of his superiors; so that the Board of Trade enquiry at Cardiff on the loss of the steamship "Mark Lane" provides us with a warning of imminent danger. The latter lies in the dreadful prevalence nowadays of foreigners employed to man English vessels. We may with reason ask what on earth a foreigner, who cannot speak or understand a word of English, can be on a British ship? And yet hundreds of such men are signed on. At the enquiry several of the witnesses were Spanish seamen. Two, to use their own words, could "spik a bit Inglees;" but one was hopeless. He had to be examined through an interpreter! And the following dramatic dialogue and business shows the value of this intelligent Tar:—

The Stipendiary: Ask him to take the Bible in his hand and imagine it to be a vessel, and tell us, supposing he was looking right ahead, which would be the starboard, and which the port bow.

The interpreter did so, and the witness indicated that the starboard would be on the left of the vessel and the port on the right.

The Stipendiary: That will do. You may stand down.

Wake up, Britannia! If you want to go on ruling the waves you have got to kick out the Dago sailors, and give the thousands of out-of-work British seamen the chance they want!

* * *

Minister and a Fancy Price.

The late Rev. Charles Voysey, founder and sole minister of the Theistic Church, appears to have had a pretty good conceit of himself. He didn't leave much money, but he evidently thought his house a valuable asset. "It may fetch a fancy price," runs a clause in his will, "because, after my death, sooner or later, there may be a sentimental demand for it." Now, it is houses in which great men have lived that fetch fancy prices. It is obvious, therefore, that Voysey numbered himself among the exalted ones of the earth. Which would be pretty tall assurance even in a really famous man.

* * *

Decent Cottages Wanted.

They who shout "Back to the land!" the loudest, probably do the least to give effect to their shibboleth. They would rather build libraries in teeming towns, for promoting free novel-reading, to the detriment of printers, publishers, and booksellers, than erect serviceable cottages in the country for the bucolic population.

If the agricultural labourer is to be induced to remain on the land, and if town-absorbed Hodge is to be tempted back to it, they will have to be comfortably housed, as well as adequately remunerated.

At present, the want of decent residential accommodation is preventing the farm lad from marrying and settling down, a state of things which far from tends towards the moral uplifting of himself and his kind, besides driving him either abroad or into the city.

Is there *no* Carnegie with a mania for country cottage building?

* * *

Candidate for Hanwell.

Not all who ought to be in Hanwell are there. That brainless young fool who amused himself the other day by discharging a revolver from a train is one of those that are not. He did it in fun, he said! Such a plea should be sufficient in itself to secure his admission to the soothing environment of a padded room and the gentle repression of a strait-waistcoat.

* * *

Mr. Anson St. Clair Ford, of Hythe, Worcester, and otherwhere, approximates to the limit about as nearly as is possible. He is a bankrupt, with liabilities amounting to

over £2,000. An inheritance of ten times that sum has not sufficed to keep him in a position of financial integrity. He raced through the lot, and then, as soon as he got into debt in one place, moved to another, repeating the little performance with such frequency as to draw from the registrar the comment that he had seldom come across a more dishonest bankruptcy. Hear, hear!

* * *

Tainted Philanthropy.

The force of folly could no further go;
To duplicate the one, she staged the two—

A somewhat free adaptation of Moore's well-known couplet, suggested by a recent comedy in the United States Circuit Court.

Mr. David Belasco, whose name is not altogether unknown on this side of the "pond," has written a play called "The Woman," and Mr. Abraham Goldknopf, whose equally striking cognomen is less familiar over here, has written another entitled "Tainted Philanthropy."

Abraham swears that David has plagiarised the product of his genius, and David has retorted that "Tainted Philanthropy" is no more like "The Woman" than an elephant's ear is like the mouth of Abraham's lawyer.

One would have thought the alleged similarity between the plays could easily have been put to the test in court. But they don't do things that way in the States. Nothing short of staging the rival dramas at the same theatre, and on the same evening, would satisfy those concerned. And so the novel trial is down for hearing—and seeing—some time in October.

Won't somebody's pockets be lightened in consequence! Yet stay! One moment, fair sirs. Another view presents itself. What's the odds it isn't an advertising dodge devised by the principals? Pretty low down, if it is. But you never know, you know.

* * *

Twinge of Envy.

It is an ill rain that does nobody good. A curious effect of this so-called summer was reported at the Ongar (Essex) Board of Guardians meeting. The workhouse master said that the weather had been so wet that tramps were prevented from getting about, the result being that no applications for admission to the casual ward had been received from this our only leisured class. We who have to go to and from our work every day whatever the weather, may well feel a slight twinge of envy.

* * *

The Age of Records.

This is indeed the age of records. And here is one which will long remain unbeaten. A young woman complainant in the Marylebone Police Court recently, said that while the defendant, an equally young man, was on holiday, she received no fewer than 101 postcards from him by one post!

What an amazingly interesting psychological study that young man must be.

Some have greatness thrust upon them.

IDIOTIC J.P's.

FARCICAL SYSTEM WHICH SHOULD BE ABOLISHED.

There is a saying that old customs die hard; and in the case of undesirable customs, this is only too regrettable. And the saying could not have a more apt connection than the subject of the present article, namely, the disgraceful system—there is no milder word for it—under which minor justice—save the mark!—is administered in many of the rural and suburban districts of the United Kingdom.

In the Interests of Freedom.

Before pointing out, as we intend to do, its manifold ineptitudes, we assert straightway that the method of electing laymen, doubtless in private and business life highly amiable and worthy men, to the responsible office of Justices of the Peace, is one which should be abolished immediately in the sacred interests of the freedom of the nation.

A man, for instance, starts in a county town as a general chandler. He prospers, increases his business premises, perhaps opens branch establishments in neighbouring towns; and eventually becomes a considerable landowner in his native district.

A very worthy man, you will say, and one whose typically British commercial enterprise should be an example to every ambitious young man. We quite agree. But what we do *not* agree to is the event which ensues in the case of nine out of every ten men of this kind—his elevation to the local Bench as a J.P.

What can this unfortunate gentleman know of the law? How much knowledge of it can he have accumulated in a lifetime spent in considering the price of raw sugar, or the advisability of selling tea at ½d. per ¼ lb. cheaper than his rival on the other side of the market square? Very little, we fear! Then, what qualifications has he to impose sentences on the subjects of King George; and what *right*—we use the word in its original sense—have the minions of the Lord Chancellor to put him in the position to do so?

A Case in Point.

Once again we insist, none whatever!

It is the practice of making J.P.'s of successful business men and others, who, however, have no knowledge of the law, that is responsible for cases like the following, a true instance, by the way, which happened not long ago.

A woman was charged with stealing a sum of money from a man, who, however, subsequently appeared in court and asked that the charge be withdrawn. He had, he said, found the money in question; and it was abundantly clear that the accused woman could not possibly have stolen it. She was, nevertheless, sentenced to several weeks' imprisonment. Beyond the statement that this result was arrived at by one of the amateur magistrates under discussion, further comment is surely needless.

Another case in point recently raised a mild amusement, tinged with more than a little contempt, throughout the country. It arose through the appointment as J.P., in a county town, of a man who had spent his life—and, incidentally, made a fortune—in making pottery. Unfortunately it so happened that there was another almost equally successful business man in the same town, who possessed exactly the same name, though there was no relationship between them. Each claimed to be the man intended by the Lord Chancellor for the honour. Of course, in the end, the rightful recipient made good his claim; but the fact remains that the other would have been equally efficient—or *inefficient* as you please—to dispense the law of the land.

Appointment of Stipendiaries.

Our contention, which we make with the utmost firmness, is that this method should be abolished immediately; and that Stipendiaries—men of specific legal training—should be appointed in every town and borough. Then this farce of portly baldheaded greengrocers, anxiously whispering in the clerk's ear to ask how to treat a "drunk and disorderly" case, would be seen no more.

Lady in touring car beckons to pedestrian.

"Will you kindly do me a small favour, sir?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Then please stand out in the middle of the highway, and let me see how quickly I can stop my car without hitting you. I'm afraid this brake is out of order."

POWER TO ARREST WITHOUT WARRANT.

"MODERN MAN" AND THE CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT BILL.

Good intentions are always laudable, but one cannot, or should not, close one's eyes to the fact that there are times when, if carried out without the fullest and the most serious deliberation, good intentions may precipitate one into greater difficulties and provide more acute causes for remorse and regret.

The Government's Hope.

The Government earnestly hopes by the Criminal Law Amendment (White Slave Traffic) Bill to lessen the present-day terrible state of affairs, to reduce, if not wipe out, by stricter legislation the facilities for the carrying on of the nefarious trade which constitutes such a grave disgrace in this country of ours.

We on *Modern Man* recognise and appreciate to the full the earnestness and sincerity with which Parliament is dealing with this question of such vital importance, and express the hope that the time is not far distant when the country will be purged of a good deal of its now rampant impurity.

In saying this, however, we are not alone in thinking that as good as the intentions of Parliament are, the blow to be directed against such a wicked practice leaves much to be desired.

In fact, as framed, there is good reason to doubt whether, when the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1912, comes into force on January 1, 1913, it will be anywhere near as efficacious as is contemplated.

No Bright Prospect.

If ALL purveyors and patrons in this particular vice COULD BE brought to justice and punished with the utmost severity it would, indeed, be an achievement worthy of the strongest possible effort, but, as much as we regret to say it, *Modern Man* can see no such bright prospect.

This being so, we are of the opinion that manifold dangers beset the Bill now before the Commons—dangers which merit and *must* receive close attention, and it is with this object in view that *Modern Man* considers it a duty during the next two or three weeks, to bring them under public notice.

To print the Bill in its entirety, as presented by Mr. Arthur Lee in Parliament, may strike some readers of *Modern Man* as unnecessary, but should they be tempted to think in this way we sincerely hope that our honesty of purpose will not be overlooked. The subject is a delicate one, but one which must be dealt with, and dealt with in the wisest possible manner.

[2 GEO. 5.] *Criminal Law Amendment (White Slave Traffic).*

A

BILL

A.D. 1912.

TO

Amend the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885, the Vagrancy Act, 1898, and the Immoral Traffic (Scotland) Act, 1902.

BE it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

Power to arrest without warrant persons offending against 48 & 49 Vict. c. 69, s. 2.

1. A constable may take into custody without a warrant any person whom he shall have good cause to suspect of having committed, or being about to commit, any offence against section two of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885 (which relates to procuration).

Suppression of brothels.

2.—(1) Section thirteen of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885 (which relates to the suppression of brothels), shall apply to a person in charge of any premises who knowingly permits such premises or any part thereof to be used as a brothel or for the purposes of habitual prostitution, in like manner as it applies to the tenant, lessee, or occupier of such premises, and accordingly in that section after the word "occupier" the words "or person in charge" shall be inserted.

(2) Where proceedings are taken against any person for an offence against the said section thirteen, which involves knowledge that any premises or any part of any premises were being or would be used as a brothel or for the purposes of habitual prostitution, and evidence has been given that the premises or part thereof were so used, then, if such person has, within five years immediately preceding, been convicted of an offence against the said section or for keeping a common bawdy house contrary to the common law or to the Disorderly Houses Act, 1751, as amended by the Disorderly Houses Act, 1818, evidence of such previous conviction may be given at any stage of the proceedings, and may be taken into consideration for the purpose of proving such knowledge as aforesaid.

A.D. 1912.

25 Geo. 2. c. 36.

Geo. 3. c. 70.

(3) The following provisions shall be substituted for the provisions of the said section thirteen which relates to the penalties and punishments which may be imposed for a second or subsequent offence against that section:—

(a) Any person who, after conviction of an offence against that section commits a second offence against that section, shall be liable to be dealt with as a rogue and vagabond within the meaning of the Vagrancy Act, 1824.

5 Geo. 4. c. 83.

(b) Any person who has been convicted as a rogue and vagabond in respect of any such second offence shall for a third or subsequent offence against the said section as so amended be liable to be dealt with as an incorrigible rogue under the Vagrancy Act, 1824; and in addition to any punishment awarded against him as an incorrigible rogue, may be required by the court to enter into a recognizance with or without sureties to be of good behaviour for any period not exceeding twelve months, and in default of entering into such recognizance, such person may be imprisoned for a period not exceeding three months in addition to any term of imprisonment awarded in respect of his said offence.

5 Geo. 4. c. 83.

Determination of tenancy of premises on conviction for permitting use as brothel, &c.

3.—(1) Upon the conviction of the tenant, lessee, or occupier of any premises of knowingly permitting the premises, or any part thereof, to be used as a brothel or for purposes of habitual prostitution, the landlord or lessor shall be entitled to determine the lease or other contract under which the said premises, or any part thereof, is held by the person so convicted, as from the date of the conviction, but without prejudice to the rights or remedies of any party to such lease or contract accrued at that date.

(2) If the landlord or lessor does not so determine the lease or other contract and subsequently during the subsistence of the lease or contract any such offence is again committed in respect of the premises, the offence shall be deemed to have been committed with the knowledge of the landlord or lessor.

Amendments of 61 & 62 Vict. c. 39, and 2 Edw. 7. c. 11.

4. In section one of the Vagrancy Act, 1898, and in section one of the Immoral Traffic (Scotland) Act, 1902—

(a) In paragraph (b) of subsection (1) (which deals with solicitation for immoral purposes) after the word "importunes" there shall be inserted the words "any person of either sex";

(b) In subsection (3) (which deals with the evidence of living on the earnings of prostitution) after the word "subsistence" there shall be inserted the words "or is proved to have been habitually controlling, directing, or superintending the movements of a common prostitute."

Short title and commencement.

5.—(1) This Act may be cited as the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1912.

(2) This Act shall come into force on *the first day of January nineteen hundred and thirteen.*

Glaring Blunders.

The danger of endowing the police with too much power has already occurred to many, and has been strongly commented upon.

Whilst recognising that the police have a difficult duty to perform, *Modern Man* cannot forget the fact that they are by no means infallible, and so many glaring blunders have been made that it is absolutely imperative that this question of freedom of arrest without warrant should not be decided upon as though it were a matter of little or no consequence.

It is of consequence, of vital consequence, and although it is not the main point which *Modern Man* hopes to impress upon its readers in connection with the Bill, more will be said about it next week.

Lack of Judgment.

Physical strength, height or chest measurement do not necessarily denote tact and judgment. There is, of course, much of the latter in the force, but there is also much of the other thing—lack of tact and judgment. In fact, far too much considering the powers already vested in the police.

(To be continued.)

FUNNY FARE.

SOME OF THE BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

Strange to say, very few fans are pawned, although it is very easy to "raise the wind" with them.

* * *

Punsby (looking from window into the garden): Why, that laundress of ours is blind drunk!
Mrs. Punsby: Goodness gracious, Jack, you don't mean it.
Punsby: Well, at any rate she has three sheets in the wind.

* * *

Stout Party: Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately stuck your umbrella in my ear last evening?
Little Bifferton: Very careless of me, I'm sure. I wondered what became of it, and—would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?

* * *

GIVING INSTRUCTIONS.

Timid Wife (to husband going to Africa on business): Now, dear, do be careful and not fall overboard, won't you?
Husband: To be sure I will. Don't worry, I shall be all right.
Wife: And if you should get wrecked out in the ocean, John, I want you to telegraph to me at once!

* * *

"I say, mister," said an impudent man with red hair to a fellow-railway passenger who was bald-headed, "Where were you when hair was given out?"
"Oh, I was a little late," was the reply; "and as there was only red left, I declined to take any!"

* * *

Bella: I suppose the brightest moment in your life was when Jack proposed?
Ella: Brightest? There wasn't a particle of light in the room!

* * *

"Do you think women should propose?" asked the past-forty lady.
"I don't know," mused the young thing. "Have you tried everything else?"

* * *

With both hands bandaged and a damaged face, a navvy asked the Willesden magistrate for protection against his wife, to whom he had been married less than a year.
"She's a strapping woman, and I'm young to die yet," he said, as he took out a summons for assault.

* * *

In return for green tea the Moors of Morocco exchange with London Jewish dealers, goat skins, gums, millions of eggs, and canary seeds.

* * *

A farmer has been fined 5s. at Omagh for furious driving at a funeral.

* * *

Mr. Auto: How do you like your new motor?
Mr. Mobile: Not much. Why, it makes so much noise when I take my wife out for a spin I can't hear a word she says for miles and miles.
Mr. Auto: By Jove! How much do you want for it?"

* * *

CRUSHING.

"Did you ever see any of these mind readers?" said young Smithkins to a young lady.
"Yes, I have attended some of their exhibitions."
"I don't believe there is anything in it. I allowed one of them to try and read my mind, and do you know he couldn't at all?"
"Which is in no way surprising," was all the young lady said.

* * *

"Dear," began Mrs. Spendthrift, cooingly, "would you consider opals unlucky?"
"I would," replied the husband, shrewdly, "if I got a bill for some and had to pay it."
"Ah, I'm so glad I ordered the diamond earrings instead."

* * *

Counsel (for defendant): Would it be contempt of court to say that your Honour has presided over this case in a manner which is a disgrace to the Bench?
Judge: Certainly it would. I should commit you at once.
Counsel: Then I shall not say it.

WEARY WILLIE'S WILES.

SHADY SHIFTS OF PROFESSIONAL TRAMPS.

There are some real "artful dodgers" among the tramping fraternity, and these are never so happy as when "telling the tale" and imposing upon the gullible section of the community. A good deal of their time when actually on the road is spent in thinking out new "wheezes" for "raising the wind" and obtaining their "shove-over," which latter term means a sufficiency for the day.

Thirty Shirts in a Day.

What can be said for a man who deliberately goes about without a shirt in order that he may the better obtain a large number of these garments?

I have known a man to beg as many as thirty in one day, and to sell them, too, at prices ranging from a shilling to twopence. This man never wore a shirt himself, a circumstance which he did not hesitate to demonstrate when telling his "tale" at the door.

No better than these shirt beggars are the tramps who go about the country barefoot in order to beg boots. I have known such a one to beg as many as a dozen pairs of boots in one day, from the sale of which he realised between five and six shillings.

The Stamp Wheeze.

I suppose that most people are by now familiar with the "stamp wheeze," yet there are a number of tramps still working it—and very successfully, too. People do not seem able to deny a stamp, or in default a penny, to a man who wants to write home to his "dear wife" or "dear parents," etc., etc. Perhaps it is because they are afraid they might refuse a genuine case.

That people should foster wounds in order to enlist sympathy and obtain charity seems incredible, and yet the writer has met several cases of the kind.

One was of an old man who confines his wanderings to the North of England, while another was a man of about thirty who tramps to and fro in the Midlands.

The former had a hideous wound in his leg, which he deliberately aggravated and rendered worse in order to obtain charity. He was in the habit of exposing the sickening place whenever he got the chance, and it seldom failed of its object. The other man had a bad arm, which prevented him from working, an excellent reason for accounting for his presence on the road, and an undoubted source of never-failing income.

The writer knows for a fact that there are a number of tramps in the country who are in the habit of faking up their limbs, and going about on crutches or with their arms in splints. These are not by any means new wheezes, but the point which I wish to impress upon the reader's mind is that they are as good as ever as far as the tramp is concerned.

Munching Dry Bread.

I recently came across a man who showed himself to be a past master in the art of begging. When he wanted a meal he would stand either at the front or the rear of a row of houses, and munch a piece of dry bread. He told me that this course seldom failed to bring him a good meal, and often a few coppers into the bargain.

A great many tramps "present the drum" when they want something to eat. That is to say they go to a house and hand in the tin in which they are in the habit of brewing their tea with a request for boiling water.

Few people can find it in their hearts to refuse this simple request, and a great many people add to their kindness in this particular by giving the tramp something to eat. That is why nearly every tramp you meet carries a "drum."

A Beggar's License.

The five shilling pedlar's certificate is nothing but a beggar's license, and as such it is certainly regarded by the tramp, who not infrequently begs the money with which to obtain it!

HARRY PAYNE.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. VII.—A LADY IN A LIFT.

By ADAM STERN.
Author of the well-known Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

Mr. Prosing, the principal of that world-renowned establishment, Prosing's Emporium, High Holborn, London, was afflicted with the passionate unhappiness which is the occasional punishment for being a large employer of labour.

"I'll discharge every person in the building," he raged. "I'll put up with it no longer. There isn't a single individual I pay wages to who has an atom of nous, a spark of intelligence or gumption. I'll shut the whole shop up!"

"What is the particular detail which has disturbed your equanimity this morning?" inquired Dunlop Kane, who had been summoned to Mr. Prosing's room to listen to this splenetic outburst.

"Detail?" roared Mr. Prosing. "*Detail*, did I hear you say?" He restrained his outburst, remembering Kane's invulnerability. "So," he went on, with a dreadful calm, "you would call it a detail for pretty nearly a thousand pounds' worth of jewellery to be missing from the trinket department in the space of a few weeks? I ask *you*—what do you suppose I support a large detective staff for? What is the use of our elaborate Observation System?—a system I invented myself—which ought to work properly, but which never has!"

"Difficult to say," replied Kane. "Your detectives are quite all right for coping with the commonplace emergencies. But when they come up against something unusual, they emerge a bad second; it's an inevitable human result. I've been noticing this pilfering epidemic; it's either being worked by a gang or a singularly 'cute individual. What you want to do is to match guile with guile, a certain amount of ingenuity with genuine originality and wit. I think I'd better take on the job myself."

"Kane," said Mr. Prosing, with emotion, "your modesty is as rare as it is refreshing. I give you *carte blanche*. Take over the supervision of the detective department, and —er—accept an advance of salary of ten shillings a week as an earnest of my high opinion of you."

"A pound," murmured Kane, "might increase my opinion of myself."

"I said a pound, didn't I?"

"Did you? I thought I hadn't misunderstood you. Well, then, present arrangements had better stand. You can bet your last stiver the usual detectives are known. Meanwhile, I'll knock around the stores myself, doing nothing —or perhaps doing everything. You might give orders that I am not to be molested." He took an easy departure.

* * *

Kane followed the black-hatted lady to the door of the American elevator, which was of the small and swift kind, suited to the convenience of those customers who took pleasure in hustling. Larger and more leisurely lifts did service for the truly British. The door had just opened; a passenger stepped out; Kane, after writing something on a card, gave it to the lift-boy, and said: "Get that attended to immediately; I'll take the lady up."

He clicked-to the door and pulled rather hard on the rope. They shot aloft speedily.

"Down," she corrected him.

"Oh, *down*," said Kane, and executed a sudden reversal.

"Dash!" he muttered, and became inexplicably involved with the guide-ropes. They stopped. They did not move. They were half-way between two floors.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I'll tell you in a moment. I'm very much afraid——"

"You're afraid of what?"

"That we're stuck. Something's gone wrong."

"What are you going to do in that case?"

"That," said Kane, "is exactly what I am wondering." He busied with the ropes, jerking them impatiently, then suddenly wheeled round on her, ablaze with impotent wrath. "This infernal place!" he said grittingly; "if I had my way with it I'd blow the whole show to Jericho!"

"Why?" she asked levelly. She was an exceedingly self-possessed young woman, pretty and well-dressed; with rather high cheekbones and full, red lips.

"Oh, nothing!" said Kane moodily.

"But, tell me!" she persisted; and her eyes went up and down his figure, noting his muscularity as well as his unusual handsomeness.

"Oh, it's the death-bed of ambition—a place where they underpay you and overwork you, and never a single thank you no matter what you may do!"

"So you're not very loyal to Prosing's?" she remarked softly.

"Loyal!" said Kane, with a bitter involuntary laugh.

"Well, what should you do if you left? There aren't so many careers open for the man who has no money."

"True," said Kane; "but if I cleared out of here ——" His expression said more than his words.

"You mean," she interpreted intelligently, "you would obtain some money—somehow—before you went?"

"Perhaps," assented Kane darkly.

She blinked her eyes questioningly. Then seemed to lose interest in the subject. "How are we going to get down?" she asked. "We can't stay here for ever!"

"We shall have to wait," said Kane, "till it's discovered that the lift is not running."

"What will they do then?"

"Hunt up a mechanic, and set him to put it to rights. It may take minutes—it may take hours."

"And meanwhile?" she said.

"Meanwhile we're alone, and no getting out of it."

"Can't you open the door or shout?"

"The door can't be opened, except at the proper floors." His gloom was increasing. He muttered under his breath.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I merely said, I should get the sack sure for this."

"But that wouldn't be fair!" she announced indignantly; "you surely can't be blamed for what is not your fault!"

"Fairness?" said Kane. "You don't expect fairness here."

There was certainly remarkable intuition in the way he understood how she would sympathise with dissatisfaction. Her grey speculative eyes read steadily his every feature. She smiled a little, pleased by his appearance.

"I half agree with you," she said, "that you're entitled to hit back at old Prosing."

"How?" asked Kane eagerly.

Her glance at him suddenly narrowed. "Rob him!" she said furtively; then brightly laughed, as though in excuse of her absurdity.

"I wouldn't hesitate long—if only I had the chance," swore Kane, and he looked at her fully, challenging her to think ill of him.

Her furtiveness returned. He saw that, quite unconsciously, her fingers were opening and closing. "I could tell you how," she said, under her breath; "get hold of some cheap jewellery—of exactly the same patterns as the real stuff sold in your stores. And when you see a chance——" she extended a crookt finger and thumb—"*nick* it, see! Put the dummy stuff in its place!"

"How?" said Kane. "I mean, where do I get the cheap jewellery from? It would have to be specially made—cleverly made, too, or it wouldn't pass muster at all!"

"I can get it for you," she said. "*I* can."

"You?" said Kane.

"Look!" She suddenly caught up and opened the commodious fashionable purse-bag which had been dangling from her left wrist. It had a false bottom. She pulled on one side the handkerchief and trinkets and other paraphernalia which females are accustomed to carry, and, pressing a spring, a flap flew up. Beneath was revealed a receptacle, with rings and pendants and bracelets all fitting into proper grooves. "You see," she whispered. "Say you want a certain diamond ring; you conceal the dummy one in the palm of your hand, so! Several of these are real—you could hardly tell the difference, could you?"

During this time Kane had put one hand behind him, and the lift was gently descending. Just as she closed her bag the door clicked open, and with a gasp and dilated eyes she saw that he was bowing to her to alight. He summoned a detective, by merely lifting an eyelid.

"Madam," he said, gravely, "you are much too dangerous to be at large."

Then he stepped back, and removed from the elevator frame the ticket he had given to the lift boy—"OUT OF ORDER."

THE SURGE OF SUICIDE.

A WRITER AND ITS CHIEF CAUSES.

A writer has drawn attention in *Modern Man* to the enormous increase in the number of self-inflicted deaths, and pointed out some of the causes; but in the present writer's opinion he omitted to mention the two chief causes, namely, precocity and melancholia.

Juveniles and Ability.

Precocity (i.e., prematurity) is one of those mysterious diseases of which, comparatively speaking, very little is known. Briefly the diagnosis is as follows. A child (possibly of very ordinary parents) shows marked ability at a very early age, for some distinctive calling in life. During the [illegible] years rapid and remarkable progress is made, though frequently only in the one direction.

No ill effect, however, is apparent until the child is just about to cross the line that divides youth from manhood. Then a change is noticeable, and the result in nearly every instance is insanity or suicide. This result medical men attribute to overstrain or wearing out of certain departments of the mental structure.

Literary Geniuses Affected.

Strangely enough literary geniuses appear most addicted to suicidal tendencies in after life, and in proof of this can be instanced the following: Chatterton, Byron, Cowper, Edgar Allen Poe, John Stuart Mill, Ruskin, etc., while Milton and John Keats were also affected by the same cause.

Chatterton having exhibited remarkable genius committed suicide at the youthful age of eighteen. Cowper at one time attempted suicide, and never quite recovered from his brooding despair.

Both Byron and Edgar Allan Poe were victims of precocity, although it has to be admitted their melancholy endings were to a great extent the product of vicious living.

The case of John Keats affords a very realistic example of the action of mind over body. Here was an undeniable genius. Weak bodily, he nevertheless might have lived had not his extremely sensitive nature succumbed to the severe and unkind criticism which greeted his early efforts. Ruskin possessed a splendid intellect and a well balanced mind, but in his old age he continually passed through periods of great melancholy, which were undoubtedly due to the immense strain imposed on his mind, great though it was.

The Superior Force.

All this is easily accounted for when we realise that mind governs the body. Thus a precocious child begins to exact labour from the mind before the majority of his fellows have passed through that state in which the mind is developed, and, like a machine, made ready to work at a later stage. The body may be healthy and strong, but it is entirely governed by its superior force. The two, as far as we know, are inseparable, one being dependent upon the other, and in consequence when the mind is over wrought the bodily health also sooner or later becomes affected.

This unhappy condition is reached in precocious children when the body happens to be constitutionally weak, and it may be here observed that one seldom finds great mental capacity in conjunction with physical.

Melancholia is not, as is generally supposed, a form of madness, but rather the definite sign of a very highly strung and etherealised mind.

Man only differs from animal in one respect, namely, that while the latter is quite content to remain as it is, the former (if he be sincere to his true nature) craves for immortality. Thus the higher the standard of manhood the keener the longing for wider spheres of attainment. This, then, is what melancholia really is.

Living Under a Cloud.

All victims of melancholia do not commit suicide, but their lives are, unfortunately, always more or less under a cloud.

Perhaps the most striking example in history that we have of melancholia is in the life of Christ himself. Christ suffered much from melancholia. Narrow-minded bigoted individuals might see cause to be shocked at this statement. However, the cause does not exist.

Any thoughtful student of the Christ-life knows that such must have been the case; anyway, let him who refuses to agree give an otherwise feasible explanation of those words which formed a cry that so few ever care to discuss—"Eli! Eli! lama sabachthani."

O.E.B.

RIFLED TOMBS.

THE GROWING CRIME OF SACRILEGE.

A century ago the whole country shuddered at the news that St. Paul's Cathedral had been robbed. The thieves had burst through nine doors, and stolen 1,760 ounces of plate, worth £2,000.

In those days sacrilege was looked upon as a fearful crime, some degrees worse than murder. The feeling of reverence for sacred things was common, even among the dregs of society, and thieves believed that valuables stolen from churches would bring them ill luck.

The Tombs of Royalty.

It is a sign of the times that this feeling has vanished, and nowadays we constantly hear of sacred buildings, and—worse still—tombs being rifled. Within the past few years there have been many robberies of this sort, and the particular object of the sacrilegious thief seems to be the tombs of Royalty.

In March, 1910, the imperial mausoleum of the great Peter and Paul fortress was broken into, and more than twenty wreaths, most of them of pure gold, were stolen from the tombs of deceased sovereigns. Right on top of this came the news that the Nopenski Cathedral at Moscow had been raided, and the sacred ikons or images despoiled of their jewels.

A fruitless search was made as soon as the robbery was discovered, and guards were at once set all over the cathedral, every door being closed. Two nights later a sound was heard, and from a hiding place behind one of the images emerged a wretched boy of eighteen who had been driven forth by hunger and thirst. He explained that he had hidden the jewels, and after some hesitation pointed out the hiding place. The gems, which were of a total value of over £100,000, were all recovered.

Worst Type of Ghoul.

The worst type of ghoul is he who steals dead bodies for the purpose of ransom. Little more than a year ago, the mausoleum of Mr. William T. Scott, in Erie, Pennsylvania, was broken into, and the body of his sister-in-law, Mrs. McCullum, taken away. Mr. Scott, a millionaire and a great friend of the late President Cleveland, spent an enormous sum in the construction of the burial place, and it was supposed to be safe from any attack.

Outside in the snow were found foot prints of six men, and marks of waggon wheels. But the criminals were never discovered, and no claim for ransom was ever made.

In the winter of 1910 a similar outrage was perpetrated at Cefn cemetery, Merthyr. The mausoleum built by Sir William Lewis, the great colliery owner, was forced, and the coffin containing the body of the late Lady Lewis was burst open. But seemingly the body-snatchers must have been disturbed, for the body itself had not been removed and even the valuable rings left upon the fingers had not been taken. The whole business was most mysterious, and though a reward was offered, the criminals were not discovered.

Burglar Proof Coffins.

In the United States body snatching has become so common a crime that many wealthy persons take, during their lifetime, the most extraordinary precautions to make their burial places safe. There is at least one firm which makes a speciality of burglar-proof coffins.

The first of these was made for Ferdinand Yznaga, brother of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester. He died in 1891, when the memory of the theft of the body of millionaire A. T. Stewart was still fresh in the public mind. The coffin of Mr. Yznaga was made of chilled steel, nearly half-an-inch thick. It was cemented at the seams and hermetically sealed, and when finished weighed more than half a ton.

The lids of the latest burglar-proof coffins are held tight by no fewer than ten automatic spring bolts, and once the lid is put on nothing short of dynamite will lift it again.

An Obvious Inference.

It is said that no fewer than forty thousand bodies are required yearly by the dissecting rooms of medical colleges all over America, and that not more than half of these are supplied by public institutions and morgues. The inference is obvious that the awful trade of the body-snatcher is by no means extinct, and that Burke and Hare have their successors in many parts of the United States.

ON THE BALL.

FOOTBALL NOTES AND PROSPECTS.

Here we are again at the opening of another season, though it only seems but a few weeks since we shouted ourselves hoarse when Barnsley left the field, winners of the English Cup.

Directors and their secretaries have been busy signing on old players, and seeking fresh talent where necessary, and so well have they done their work that each combination is confident of doing big things during the next eight months. Space will not admit of my dealing with the prospects of every club, as I should like to, but I hope to deal with them all in due course. Londoners are, of course, proud of the fact that Chelsea, after a short stay in the lower grade, have got back to the First Division, and are confident that they will stop there.

The "Pensioners" boast one of the finest combinations in the country this season, and looking at the list of available players, one is forced to the conclusion that they should have a great time.

Derby Should do Well.

If ever a team deserved to get back amongst the "Firsts," that team is surely Derby County. They have fought doggedly in the Second Division for the last five years, and success has at last crowned their efforts. They should do well.

The doings of Blackburn Rovers, last year's champions, who, by the way, are relying on the same team that took them to the top, will be watched with a great amount of interest, and it is pretty safe to say that they will aquit themselves well.

Everton is another club that is relying on its old stagers, and the Directors are wise in their generation. The "Toffeemen" have always been a great side, and there is no reason to suppose that this season will prove an exception.

Fresh Faces at Newcastle.

Fresh faces will be seen at Newcastle, prominent amongst them being McTavish, the old Tottenham forward, but neither of their neighbours, Sunderland or Middlesbrough, are introducing any fresh player of note. Each of these teams can be relied upon to uphold their reputation.

The "Spurs'" form in their trial games has been very satisfactory, the new men in particular shaping very well, and everyone connected with the team is confident of a good season.

The loss of Ducat, who has joined the ranks of the "Villa," will be keenly felt by Woolwich Arsenal. Andy's place will take a lot of filling, and with the back division none too strong, it seems that the fortune of the "Gunners" is still in the descendant. Still, they have been in sore straights before, but have come through all right, so we must hope for the best.

Time has indeed worked a great change in the fortunes of Preston North End, who, with Bury, are relegated to the Second Division.

The Decline of Bury.

From winning the championship and English Cup in the same year to coming down to the lower grade is a big drop, but these things happen even in the best ordered houses. One thing certain is, that the North Enders will not stop long. About Bury, a different tale may have to be told. They have been on the decline for some considerable time now, and something out of the ordinary will have to happen if they are to return to the old home next season.

Both Fulham and Clapton Orient have their eye on premier honours, and if real whole-hearted enthusiasm counts for anything, they should be in the running. Manager Kelso is mightily pleased with his boys, who in the trial games have acquitted themselves well.

The "Orient" are about the most optimistic team in the Second Division, nothing seems too great for them to tackle, and they are pretty certain to make it pretty warm for their opponents, no matter who they are.

Barnsley are a great team when it comes to cup fighting, but in League games they never seem to rise much above the moderate stage. Still, they will win a fair share of matches this season.

MY NOTE BOOK.

MY LATEST OFFER.

The man without ambition is certainly in a bad way. True, the ambition of one individual may not have the least fascination for another, but so long as it is possessed in some form or other and is worthy of the name, you will agree that the realisation of something hoped for merits every encouragement.

You know what you want, and I know exactly that for which I wish. If it hasn't yet caught your eye then please

> Turn at once to back cover, page 1328, and read the offer which I have decided to make my readers, solely with the object of achieving a record in the way of circulation. By the end of the year I want *Modern Man* to be in the hands of 500,000 readers weekly, and in order to secure this within the next four months I have chosen a way which will compensate those of my already big army of supporters who determine to help.

* * *

Presuming that you have now read on the back page all about my offer, I must content myself this week by saying that

> I am confident the razor, stropper and soap will be considered worth every penny of the 6s. 6d. mentioned, if not more.

* * *

"BEST PENNYWORTH ON THE MARKET."

People who up to the present have not been readers of *Modern Man* are not, of course, in the position to have formed any opinion of like or dislike, and it is because I feel confident of the opinion when once the paper reaches new hands that I have adopted the plan already referred to.

Again this week I have received letters from all parts of the country voting *Modern Man* "the best pennyworth on the market." "J.M.C." (Dalmuir, Glasgow) says:

> "I send two copies to my pals in America every week, and wouldn't disappoint them for anything. *Modern Man* is the ideal man's paper. It is excellent."

The fountain pen, the League badge, and the Athletic badge are still going strong, and this week we have received orders from as far distant as Gharial (India), Lyttleton (New Zealand), Australia and Kei Road, Cape Province, South Africa.

"G.M.F.," in the latter country, considers the pen "marvellous value."

* * *

UNREST IN THE G.P.O.

Writing on the subject of the great dissatisfaction with the Telephone Service as controlled by the G.P.O., an old reader says:

"The main cause of all the trouble is discontent among the staff, and it is increasing. The classification of the male portion of the ex-National Telephone Company's staff, transferred to the service of the Post Office, is only just being issued, and issued in instalments at that, and in every town meetings of the staff are being held to protest against the bad treatment they received. What with examinations, age-limits, efficiency bars, etc., one really cannot make out what his prospects are, but it is evident that a salary at which a young man would think of marrying will be reached when he is about 50!

"Personally I have been up in London working since February, and I have now no more idea what my classification and prospects will be than a babe. I might receive instructions any day to travel and report anywhere in the British Isles! Upon entering the Civil Service the staff of the National Telephone Company found considerable unrest and dissatisfaction existing.

"Of course we know that a Commission has been appointed to enquire into the conditions of the Civil Service, but need we expect their report within the next 3 to 5 years?"

All I can say is there *will be* trouble if there is any such delay.

* * *

"CHILDREN AND PICTURES."

The paragraph which appeared in "Plain Speaking" last week under the heading of "Children and Pictures," in which it was suggested that certain pictures in the National Gallery should be reserved for the inspection of adults only—the writer had seen children, girls and boys, gloating over and laughing at works of art in the nude—has brought a protest from a Scotsman.

The writer is of the opinion that to do as suggested would be classifying the pictures as indecent.

"Our galleries do not show pictures which are naughty 'within the meaning of the Act;' whereas, hung as they are now they are classical pictures."

YOUR EDITOR

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 8: THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

[illegible] once in that epitome of the wit of the [illegible], *The Sydney Bulletin*, a poem which opened with the line "Give us a Bishop who can Bish." The Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, doctor of Divinity and Bishop of London since 1901, is such a Bishop, as he needs to be, seeing that he has about three million souls (and many of them very naughty ones) to shepherd.

He is the right man in Fulham Palace, for he has wide sympathies, a tender heart, and a way—a Winnington way the wags would say—of getting on the soft side of people.

[illegible] when a few years ago he joined the throng of [illegible] letters over the losing cause of family-raising—the diminishing birth rate—not many people were unkind enough to taunt him with the fact that, doubtless despite many [illegible] he had remained single.

Presumably the Rt. Reverend Lord Bishop believes that one "[illegible]thers" all the better for not having domestic duties. A [illegible] and family might take up some of the time devoted to [illegible] to golf, tennis, and to cycling. Be that as it may, Dr. Ingram has attained his sixty-second year without a wedding ring.

He was born to preach, and he has not sold his birthright for nuptial trials and tribulations. His father was a country parson, his mother was the daughter of Bishop Pepys of Worcester; and quite early on it was apparent that he intended to follow in the family's footsteps, though only the very discerning predicted that one day his pulpit would be at St. Paul's.

He has endeared himself to the Cockney crowd by his smile and his helping hand. During the dock strike he stirred up sympathy and extracted cash for the sufferers, and did it without impinging on the domain of industrial ethics. People were starving, and it was the duty of the Church to give them bread without bothering about placing the responsibility for the trouble on this or that section of society.

Yet though his work is largely in the humanities he has not neglected the scholastic side of his profession, and there is a long list of theological books to his name, including "Work in Great Britain," "Messengers, Watchmen and Stewards," and "The Call of the Father."

He has confessed to wishing that he had not to live in a palace, and to spending the greater part of his stipend on others.

Bachelordom in his case is not based on selfishness.

At Home and Abroad: Facts and Fancies for the Modern Woman.

In five minutes a woman can clean up a man's room in such a way that it will take him five weeks to find out where she put things.

Well, there are others looking for the same.

* * *

It is one of the paradoxes of life that the more a wife keeps her husband in hot water the colder he grows towards her.

* * *

A Shocked Bridegroom.

A member of the religious sect in India known as the Jains, being forbidden by Jain custom to seek out a bride for himself, commissioned another man to find one. After a selected bride had been "viewed" by the Jain at a railway station he agreed to pay the prospective bride's father £200, and £6 to an intermediary, and part of the money was paid in advance.

At the ceremony the "bride" wore a heavy veil, and when the Jain asked her to remove it he found that someone had been trying to pass off a substitute for his bride.

These adventures are not uncommon in India. Sometimes a very ugly girl is passed off on a bridegroom.

* * *

Idle Rich Rivalry.

As an illustration of what limitless wealth can accomplish for a single night's entertainment, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt have spent £35,000 on an oriental fancy dress ball the other side of the herring pond.

The guests were dressed in oriental costumes, many of which were copied from old editions of the Arabian Nights. The whole effect was one great blaze of colour, heightened by £2,000,000 worth of jewels worn not only by women, but also by men, who borrowed from their wives to complete their own costumes.

Many women had jewels set in their slippers, which they considered specially appropriate, because of their ability to display them when sitting on the cushioned floor.

Wonder what Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish thinks of it, and what she will do next to set a new mark for Newport's idle rich. She spent £20,000 the other day on a ball.

The Girl Men Like.

Not an easy subject to tackle off-hand, and yet she is neither a goddess nor an angel—just a flesh-and-blood human being. "Not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."
With that something about her that marks her out as different from the rest of her sex.

She may not have beauty (at least not according to the Canons of Art); she may not be possessed of great gifts. The gods may have done no more for her than make her a woman—but she has that indefinable quality we call charm.

He does not know in what it consists. It may be her smile, or her voice, or her manner, but it is a spell [illegible] all-powerful. The woman who made history had it in a [illegible] proportion—Cleopatra, Marie Stuart, Nelson's Emma, [illegible] a host of others. The women who make homes have it [illegible] wise, and the modern woman is as amenable to its influence as the men of the past.

Afraid of Cleverness.

What about brain? Do men like clever girls? Well, [illegible] German Emperor is reported to have said that "a clever woman is always a dangerous woman." And of undue cleverness the ordinary man is certainly more than a little bit afraid.

Clever she may be—the girl men like—but she must be purely feminine, first and foremost. If she has, like George Sand, a man's brain, it must be hidden in the form of a woman and veiled with all a woman's consummate skill. It was not her cleverness that attracted Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett, but her womanliness and, above all, her helplessness.

Well of Sympathy.

It has been said that men like the girls who like them. Well, that's human. A man's ideal girl is one who possesses a well of sympathy which is warranted never to run dry as far as they are concerned, and they are thirsty souls!

Do men like the sporting girl? That depends on the girl—sometimes on the sport. There are some girls who are charming under all circumstances, even with a hockey stick. And there is certainly one point of vantage which the sporting girl possesses over her sister—she can claim a certain comradeship which is both pleasant and profitable.

She is so safe to know. For one thing, she [illegible] construe little friendly attentions—and her manner [illegible] and kindly, and she is altogether as fresh and invigorating as the wind when it blows over the heather.

That's the sort of sporting girl that a man likes. Not the hybrid creature which goes by the name and is justly abhorred of man.

A Test of Niceness.

And lastly a man likes the girl other girls like. That is one of the tests of niceness that men are very prone to apply—(it is not infallible, but that's another matter)—to the girls they like.

A. M. S.

* * *

Popular Auto Improvement: A Self Starter.

* * *

An American saloon-keeper named his resort "Nowhere," so that when his married customers went home late, and their wives wanted to know where they had been, they could safely tell them the truth.

THROUGH DIRTIEST ENGLAND.

VILLAGERS WHO NEVER TAKE A BATH.

When we read of an Arctic or Antarctic explorer having to go six months or more without washing we shudder sympathetically. Frost-bite, semi-starvation, and all other hardships incidental to Polar exploration seem to us to pale into insignificance compared with this one of enforced dirtiness. We pride ourselves on our physical cleanliness. When we wish to disparage a foreigner we invariably speak of him as a "dirty German" or what not, having a fixed idea that the foreigner is shy of soap and water.

The Romantic Hamlets.

We may be for any evidence I have to the contrary, but I see etc. thousands of men and women in this (alleged) loving England of ours who have never had a bath in their lives, except, perhaps, as infants. I do not allude to the "submerged," the slum-dwellers, nor to the alien in our midst. If you want to find dirty, unwashed England you do not want to go to the poor quarters of the great cities and towns, but to the villages, the romantic hamlets that poets and artists rave about and Americans travel many miles to see.

Not one country cottage in a hundred has a bath-room, but this is not necessarily an excuse for going bathless. Here indeed we have the root of the matter—that dirtiness is not confined to the poor agricultural labourer on 15s. a week, but is rife among all classes of country dwellers.

Many of these bathless dwellings are of modern construction. Their plans have been approved by Rural District Councils on which sit such different types as the squire, the parson, the doctor, and the village tradesman. The squire, parson, and the doctor may bathe themselves, but apparently they do not think it is necessary that every villager should. The villagers' own representatives make no demand for baths.

Facts from Residents.

Possibly they know or consider that they would not be missed. Anyway, there is the bald fact that the average English village does not boast a bath-room outside the houses of the gentry. Perhaps there are portable baths? Not a bit of it. At present I am staying in a village in the "Garden of England." It is a place sufficiently important to be mentioned in the A.B.C. From careful inquiry and observation I am satisfied that there is not a bath-room or a portable bath in the place, outside the houses of the landed folk, except the one that, knowing what to expect, I brought myself.

I have met many men and women from whom I have elicited the fact that they have never had a hot bath in their lives, except as babies. Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night" is very little known in rural England, and the majority of the inhabitants grow up, live and die unwashed. Remember, I am not speaking only of the farm hand and the labourer. The charge is equally true of the village carrier, the village dressmaker, the village publican, and the village landlady.

No Lover of Fresh Air.

It is really rather amazing, for many of these bathless persons are otherwise quite nice. Perhaps cleanliness, like morality, is largely a matter of geography and custom. English villagers of both sexes are certainly not in the least bit ashamed of being unwashed.

There are other aspects of dirtiest England. The sanitary arrangements of the average English village would compare very unfavourably with those of a Kaffir kraal.

Of course, in some cases it may be difficult to have a proper system of drainage laid on, but if drinking water can be brought to village homes, surely water for other purposes could be introduced.

It is an unsavoury subject, so I will leave it with the remark that the sanitary conditions of many a village home are often nothing short of disgusting, and *moi qui vous parle* have knocked about a bit, and do not expect all the comforts and conveniences of the Carlton Hotel at the country-side.

The average English villager is no lover of fresh air. Take a walk in the early summer morning through an English village and you will see nearly every cottage window tight shut. The gospel of the open window has not yet percolated to Arcadia.

The "cabin" of a North Sea trawler in winter is a pretty "fuggy" place, but its atmosphere is ozone itself compared with that of many of the living rooms of a village cottage on a winter's evening.

Then again, overcrowding is rife, and frequently the decencies are not observed. I am not throwing stones merely for the pleasure of doing so. "Dirtiest England" is a reflection on the governing classes, on the squire who puts up bathless, lavatoryless cottages; on the parson who fails to preach that cleanliness is next to godliness; on the doctor who winks at unwashed bodies, garden cess-pools, closed windows and fetid rooms.

"Dirtiest England" is a still greater reflection on England's system of national education. Free education is not exactly a new thing. The present generation of English villagers have had time to benefit by it, yet the majority are seemingly content to continue to live under indifferent conditions. It makes one wonder what they teach in the State schools. Certainly not habits of personal cleanliness, or the young English villager of the present day would rise and *demand* the ordinary conveniences and decencies of twentieth century civilisation, and a weekly, if not a daily, bath would be part of his life, not, as it is at present, a phenomenon.

Scot and the Saxon.

The money that is poured out on foreign missions would be better spent in bringing sweetness and hygienic light into more English village homes.

As a Scotsman I shall be accused of prejudice. This is as may be, but you cannot get away from the fact that a recent inquiry proved the Scot to be far ahead of the Saxon in his love of the tub. I am certain, from personal observation, that in very few Scottish peasant homes would you find the inhabitants going bathless year after year, or the unsanitary, unhygienic and frequently disgusting conditions prevalent throughout the cottages of rural England.

N. F.

COMPRESSED ITEMS.

In Norfolk, the county famous for agricultural experiments, are to be seen two crops new to England—tobacco and sugar beet.

* * *

During his mammoth tour of the Canadian Dominion, the Duke of Connaught will spend fifty-five days travelling in train and steamer to cover the journey of upwards of 6,000 miles which lies before him.

* * *

The new Salvation Army General believes in the value of "sensationalism." He once preached from a coffin in Holloway, and he has been known to walk through the crowded streets of provincial towns clothed in sackcloth.

* * *

A bullock on its way to market went into Chichester Cathedral unobserved and walked right up the aisle, passed through the iron gates separating the choir from the nave, and went round to the Lady Chapel, where a service was in progress.

* * *

During his journey round the world in the interests of the Boy Scout movement, Lieut.-General Sir Baden Powell reviewed more than 25,000 British Scouts, and visited more than seventy sections. The countries visited included Australia, Canada, China, Japan, New Zealand, South Africa, Tasmania, United States, and the West Indies.

* * *

We have been told that soon after his arrival in Marienbad, Mr. Lloyd George received at his hotel, carefully wrapped up in a wooden box, a drinking glass in three colours—the colours of the militant suffragettes. Every morning since, as an indication, probably, of his devotion, he has been seen drinking his waters from his unexpected but beautiful present.

OUR WARNING TO ENGLISH GIRLS.

SECRET LURES OF THE "LATTER-DAY SAINTS."

As we fully anticipated, our campaign against the Mormon propaganda has aroused wide-spread interest, and our morning post-bag has teemed with letters on the subject.

"Thank you," writes Nellie S., Brixton, "for your able and outspoken articles on the Mormons. I can quite confirm what you say about their suppression of the idea of Mormonism in conversation. While working in this district they called themselves 'The Latter Day Saints.' Hoping that your campaign will have the desired result," etc.

"S.H." (Hampstead) is the kind of breezy young man we like. He proposes the formation of a series of Vigilance Committees, composed of athletic young men armed with stout sticks, to deal with the Mormons' missionaries when and wherever found. "S.H." must remember that in a supposed-to-be civilised community we are not allowed to take the law into our own hands. We commend his spirit, though.

"Being the mother of three girls" (a Sheffield lady writes) "I am very grateful for the article you publish in this week's issue of MODERN MAN. My son reads the paper regularly. It is to be hoped that you will be the means of saving many a young gir from worse than death.

A pathetic letter comes from Plymouth, the writer of which had a daughter who disappeared from home some time ago, and has not since been heard of. Our assistance is asked in tracing the missing one. If these lines should meet the eye of "A.D.," late of Plymouth, will she communicate with her parents.

Some of our correspondents make various charges against Mormon missionaries, but prefer to remain anonymous. Such communications cannot be dealt with. Let our correspondents send us their names and addresses—*not for publication*—and they can rely upon their charges being investigated. Let us be fair—even to Mormons.

The significant fact commented on last week that the Mormon missionaries in England have dropper the name of "Mormon" was afforded amplification by a visit which our representative has paid to the clergy of St. Andrew's, Stockwell, S.W.—Stockwell being the suburb which recently leapt into fame by its drastic treatment of the missionaries.

Deceived Owner of a Hall.

"These so-called missionaries," said the clergyman who courteously received our representative, "had been in the district for some months before it was known that they were spreading the Mormon propaganda. When they hired the hall in which they hold their meetings they called themselves the 'Latter Day Saints.' They completely deceived the owner of the hall—also the local Congregational minister.

"When the true character of the propagandists was found out the hall was 'picketed,' and eventually the Mormons were compelled to flee up Stockwell Road, pursued by a large and hostile crowd. The lessor of the hall returned them the money they had paid for the hire of it, and washed his hands of the whole affair. Previous to this, however, they had been quietly working in this district for some months. House-to-house visiting was their favourite method.

"They paid particular attention to houses where there were young women—especially of the domestic servant class."

So much for the efforts to stamp out the evil in one particular district of London—efforts made entirely by the "man in the street," led by a few devoted clergy. Meanwhile the Government is supine. Will Mr. McKenna move?

Something of a Surprise.

While we—knowing what a Government department is—are not altogether amazed at the do-nothing attitude of the authorities—action *must* be forced—we confess that we do not understand the want of action of the National Vigilance Association.

When approached by *Modern Man* this body, through the mouth of its secretary, professed to know nothing about the exertions of the Mormons in our midst—though he presumably reads a daily paper every now and again. It is not altogether too much to expect that a body formed to look after the morals of the British public might have taken an interest in the Mormon traffic in British maidenhood.

The N.V.A. is very solicitous about books or pictures of an alleged immoral tendency. Representations of the female form divine in an undraped condition are to especial horror. Perhaps it is so busy in this direction that it has no time to learn anything about the Mormon evil in our midst, and its dangers to the girlhood of England.

Organised with Great Care.

Our investigator finds that the campaign in England is organised with great care and skill. The country is mapped out into districts, in which systematic bands of "missionaries" work under the direction of a "president."

The vast importance attached by the heads of the Mormon Church to missionary work is shown by the simple fact that *most male members are expected to spend a certain term in missionary work*. In most cases two years is devoted to the work: but if the proselyte is working in a foreign country, of which he is required to speak the language, three years is insisted on. To show the absolute tyranny of the system, young men designated for the "missionary" part of the business must not dream of refusing the "call," and, moreover, they are made to pay their own expenses, even to the printing of the books and pamphlets which they distribute.

We urge our readers not to believe the lie that polygamy is no longer the doctrine of Mormonism. **"Polygamy is still valid."** was the statement made not long ago by a Professor at the University of Utah. This in spite of all the efforts made by the United States Government to stamp out the evil. Fine and imprisonment, disfranchisement, disbandment of the Perpetual Emigration Fund which in its time assisted with money no less than 50,000 "converts" to reach Utah—sequestration of property, have all been unavailing.

Polygamy is still valid.

The Agreeable Young Man.

So let our readers beware of the agreeable young man with the little books and the religious conversation. Remember

He will not call himself a "Mormon."

But The Mormon Church will never be mentioned. Truth whatever name he may use under—"Seeker after Truth" or "Latter-Day Saint"—the only thing to say to him is

HANDS OFF!

"Within the last few weeks three well-known Birmingham women have left the city for Utah," writes a Birmingham reader just as we go to press. "As a member of the Birmingham Branch of the Anti-Mormon Crusade, I must say you are doing a splendid work by publishing articles against this terrible evil in our midst. The Mormons are working hard here and have taken a large house at the corner of Booth Street and Sycamore Road, Handsworth, as their headquarters. There is a lot of excitement here, and the police keep moving on people from the front of the house."

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MOTOR AND PEDAL CYCLING:

MORE BARGAINS IN OUR EXCHANGE.

The only stipulation which *Modern Man* makes in connection with its free Exchange Bureau, arranged for the exchange, sale and purchase of motor and pedal cycles, is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed in the next column.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

A TRANSMISSION QUERY.

"Which is the best form of transmission?" asks a reader. "Belt, chain, or gear drive?" This apparently simple question opens up one which has been debated on and off for some time.

Chain drive, which is increasing in popularity, principally on account of the coming of the sidecar, needs very careful adjustment if it is to give satisfactory results, and should on no account be direct from pulley to rear wheel, as sooner or later this means jumping the sprockets; but should be from engine pulley to a countershaft near the bottom bracket, and thence to rear wheel. Some shock-absorbing device should be incorporated either in the pulley or countershaft.

At all times chains are very dirty to handle, and unless enclosed very quickly they wear and stretch, rendering renewals necessary; but this last difficulty is, I hear, being tackled with very satisfactory results by the Sunbeam Co. of push-bicycle fame, who are introducing a motor-bicycle in which the whole of the transmission system is enclosed and running in oil on the principle of their deservedly popular oil bath.

Respective Advantages.

The rubber belt drive, which is much sweeter running and quieter than the chain drive, has the advantages of cleanliness and cheapness, and requires but little attention. The only drawback is that it is inclined to slip when wet, and this can be minimised by getting a larger-size belt. Many 3½h.p. machines at present running on a 7/8in. belt would give far better service with a larger belt, which, in addition to curing belt slip, would quieten the grumblers who are always complaining of fasteners being pulled through, although the cause of this is more often than not the want of a proper belt punch, the operation being usually performed by recourse to the household tool box, which generally results in a very poor job being made of it.

Leather belts, which are very handy for wet weather and for side car work, give excellent service if kept free from grit and dirt, and occasionally dressed with oil.

The great exponents of the gear drive are the F.N. Company, who for years have adopted this form of transmission in all their models, the advantage of the system being that it is completely weather proof, all the moving parts being enclosed and running in grease.

To the Douglas Co., however, belongs the credit of introducing on the market the ideal form, and that is the belt and chain drive to be seen on their 1912 models, which, by means of a counter-shaft, combines the certainty of the chain with the smooth running of the belt.

"No Trouble" Tyre.

A really artisic and comprehensive catalogue of motor cycles and motor cycle accessories came into my hands the other day, published by the well-known firm of Moorhouse, Limited, Motor Cycle Manufacturers, Winchester Works, Padiham, Lancs., and to those of our readers who are keen on motor cycling I may mention that this firm are featuring an entirely new motor cycle tyre, called the "Exo-Mo." This "no trouble" tyre, as it is called, is a perfect "non-skid" and practically puncture proof.

There are several other valuable features embodied in this new and novel tyre which are not usually incorporated in other makes, but for further information I advise all motor cycling readers to write Messrs. Moorhouse for a copy, which they will send free post paid on receipt of a penny stamp.

Applicants should take care to ask particularly for the Motor Cycle List, as this firm issue separate catalogues for each of their many departments. Please mention *Modern Man* when you write.

"Cycling" has something interesting to say on the question of the light bicycle, and we, too, are glad to know that weight-saving is receiving the attention of the manufacturers. There appears, however, to be some misapprehension on this subject. The demand is too often for the impossible. It is comparatively easy to build a light machine, but it is not feasible to include in its equipment all the appurtenances of a complete roadster. If a gearcase, variable-speed hub, "special" tyres, large wheels, heavy saddle and other fittings of a similar nature are required, the "featherweight" idea must be abandoned.

Weight is not a question of tubing, spoke gauge, or the paring down of lugs, but chiefly depends upon equipment; and real lightness can only be attained by the sacrifice of weight-adding luxuries. It is possible to furnish a specification for a genuine lightweight or a full roadster, but it passes the wit of man to combine the essentials of both.

The Auto Wheel.

The auto-wheel is destined to play a prominent part in cycling in the near future. The price of these "pocket Hercules" is only 16 guineas, and many orders have already been placed for them. The position occupied by the auto-wheel when fitted is behind and below the back hub of the bicycle, on the right-hand side, and the method of fixing to the back fork and chain stay is quite simple, allowing of easy detachment when required. When the bicycle is inclined, as when turning a corner, the attachment takes the same angle with the ground, and the planes of the back wheel and of the auto-wheel are always parallel to one another. The chassis of the auto-wheel is pivoted at the front, so that the attachment may follow the contour of the road. In its latest form no difficulty is found in making the auto-wheel hold the road continuously and secure sufficient grip of the surface.

A. R. W.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Kerry Lightweight; B. and B. carburettor; splendid condition, smart appearance. £14; sacrifice.—Francis, 7, Francis Terrace, Highgate.

Minerva, 2-h.p., good condition. £5.—R. Benn, 23, Sudborne Road, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.

Rex, 1911½, 3½-h.p., free engine, handle starting, lamp and generator. £28.—Moss, 1, St. George's Mews, Primrose Hill, N.W.

Enfield, 6-h.p., good running order. £73.—Motor Box 36, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Enfield, 1910½, 2¼ twin, and spares; a splendid opportunity. £25; reasonable offer considered.—Motor Box 37, "Modern Man" (as above).

Bradbury, 3½-h.p., two-speed, chain drive, offers to Motor Box 38, "Modern Man" (as above).

New Hudson, 1912, 2¾, three-speed, lamp, spares. £45.—Motor Box 39, "Modern Man" (as above).

Rex, 1911, 3½-h.p., fast, new Dunlop. Belt, accessories, £28. Monck, Aldington, Evesham.

CYCLES.

Eight Guinea Cycle, heavily plated, gold lined, never touched the road. £5 5s.; bargain.—C. Careless, 3, Waterloo Avenue, Blackpool.

Royal Enfield, Gent.'s roadster, strong and reliable machine. £2 15s.—Cycle Box 14, "Modern Man" (as above).

Gent.'s Cycle, as new; B.S.A. 3-speed, 24 in. frame. £4 10s. —Cycle Box 15, "Modern Man" (as above).

Swift, Gent.'s, splendid condition, used very little. £3. Owner going abroad.—H. S. Oliver, 16, Dunbar Road, Forest Gate, E.

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

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Name and Address _____

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Wrist Action.

The follower of physical culture sometimes fails to derive full benefit from his exercises, more particularly those performed with expanders, dumb-bells, etc., because he neglects wrist action.

Wrist action in all arm exercises is as important to the physical culturist as ankle action is to the cyclist.

The simplest non-apparatus exercise for the wrists consists in twisting and swinging the hands round and about, guiding the muscles in by a gripping movement of the hand each time.

This, as I mentioned some time ago, is a favourite training exercise with Sam Langford, the boxer.

It is a very good movement, but you must not be lackadaisical about it.

Here let me say that although as a rule I am not in favour of fatiguing the muscles when exercising the wrist and forearm muscles are so tough that in order to develop them perceptibly it is necessary in this and other wrist exercises to continue them until the muscles ache distinctly.

Sandow's and other grip dumb-bells are good for wrist action, and I illustrate one exercise with them. This explains itself, and I need only add that you must put plenty of "life" into the movements and repeat them until the wrist and forearm are thoroughly tired.

N.B.—Don't forget to exercise the left wrist as well as the right. Left wrist development is particularly useful to the golfer, for in most golf strokes the left is the "master" hand.

The grip dumb-bell exercise illustrated may be varied by doubling the arm so that the hand is about level with the eyes, and then gripping hard and often.

Bar and Weight.

A first-rate exercise for the wrist is easily obtained by suspending a dumb-bell or other weight from a stick or bar by means of a stout piece of string and then twisting the bar round so as to wind the weight up to it. Then slowly unwind the bar, using wrist action to prevent the weight from running down quickly. These bar and weight exercises should be performed with the knuckles uppermost, then with the palms uppermost, and finally with the knuckles of one hand up, knuckles of the other down.

Dumb-Bells and Expander.

With ordinary dumb-bells, wrist action is obtained by doubling the wrists inwards as far as you can. You will distinctly feel the strain on the wrist muscles and also on the upper arm.

With an expander, hold it (not expanded) in front of chest, arms doubled at the elbow, wrists turned over so that the back of the hand is uppermost, horizontal, or almost so, and about in a line with the lobe of the ear.

Then press out the expander and repeat.

"Vitamine."

My note last week on "Vitamine," that vital substance in the husk of rice, the absence of which in milled or polished rice predisposes rice-eating nations to beri-beri, has interested several correspondents, who have written asking exactly what "Vitamine" is?

I am sorry I do not know, but whatever it is it is remarkably potent. There are only ten grains of "Vitamine" in about a ton of rice, yet these ten grains make all the difference between life and death to the rice-eater.

We in England eat Vitamineless rice, but as we do not depend on rice for life, it does us no harm. At the same time, it does us no good—a remark which, I fancy, applies also to a good many foods the natural constituents of which have been tampered with in the process of manufacture.

"White" bread, for example, lacks "Vitamine."

There is reason for believing that most fruits and a good many vegetables lose their "Vitamine" in the process of being cooked.

Answers to Correspondents.

THANKFUL (Birmingham) asks for some exercises that will cure knock-knees.

I am always chary of giving advice on this point because the condition may be due to causes calling for surgical interference. The following treatment, however, can at least do no harm, and may be highly beneficial:—

Sleep on a horse-hair mattress, and not on a feather bed. Use cold baths in the summer, tepid ones in the winter, with a handful of hay salt dissolved in the water (sea-bathing if obtainable, is first-rate).

Night and morning massage the legs for half an hour with the hand or a rough glove.

If there is general weakness, take cod liver oil and steel wine. To compound, put a dessertspoonful of steel wine into a wineglass, half fill glass with water, sweeten with a lump or two of sugar if desired, and put a dessertspoonful of cod liver oil on top. This should be taken two or three times a day, one hour after meals.

The kicking exercises recently given in this column may be practised with advantage. I must, however, warn "Thankful" and other sufferers that knock-knees are often most intractable to treatment.

J.S. (Thornton Heath).—The weight of *each* dumb-bell was meant.

J.L. (Norwich).—Says he has heard that persons who eat eggs a great deal are apt to suffer from "blackheads" (acne), and asks if this is true? Yes, eating eggs certainly does predispose some persons to this troublesome and obstinate [illegible]

R.C. (West Hampstead).—Complains of frequent [illegible] giddiness, though he leads a healthy, temperate [illegible] cannot suggest a cause for these attacks. It is quite possible that they are due to nothing more than wearing a tight collar, tight neckwear in general. "R.C." should consult a doctor.

M.B.A. (Edinburgh).—For chronic constipation try "Ingram's Seaweed," to be obtained from any chemist.

S.M.L. (Denmark Hill).—Porridge is an excellent breakfast food, but is best taken an hour before the regular breakfast. It is very "filling" at the time, but is so quickly digested that it is apt soon to leave you hungry. Mixed with golden syrup it is excellent for sluggish bowels.

POSSESS STRONG WILL-POWER!!

and PERSONALITY by taking up "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (Entered at Stationers' Hall). Your Will-Power will be developed to double its present strength in a few months. Your powers of Concentration, Self-Reliance, Self-Control and Personal Magnetism, will also be enormously increased. YOU WILL RISE IN THE ESTIMATION OF THE MEN AND WOMEN YOU MEET. The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6 (foreign postage 6d. extra). THIS IS YOUR TOTAL EXPENDITURE. Course sent in plain sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress.

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P.S.—"Modern Man" recommends our Course (see issues dated June 8th, Aug. 3rd, 10th and 24th.)

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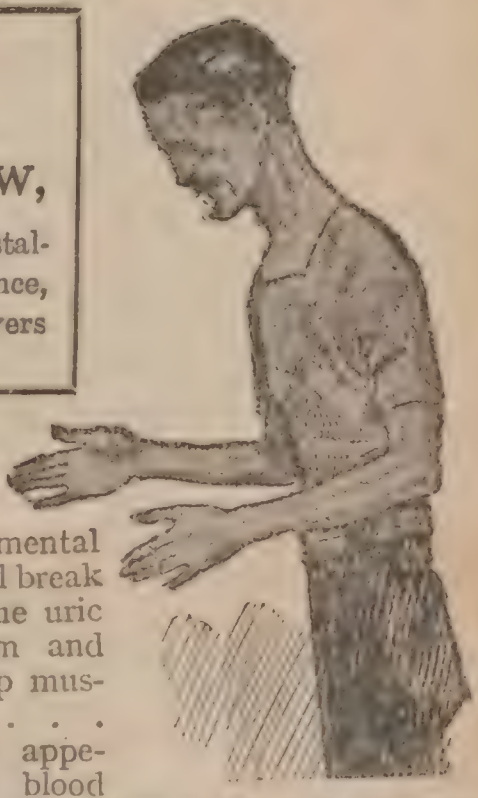

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If you suffer from—

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this wonder-working Belt will quickly relieve you and put you right. . . . It will restore tone to the muscles, elasticity to the nerves, keenness and energy to the bodily and mental functions. . . . It will break down and carry away the uric deposits of Rheumatism and Gout. . . . It will stop muscular and nerve pains. . . . It will give back the appetite, and enrich the blood with the conquering red corpuscles which fight for you against incipient disorders and deep-seated disease. . . . Without the employment of a single drug, without recharging or using messy chemicals, my scientific Belt will clear every channel and process and make the system throb with the vibrant strength that wins in the battle of life. . . . If you are a professional man, a business man, a wage-earner of any kind, you must always be at your best, and this Belt will both make and keep you fit to work and achieve great things for the home and the ones you hold dear.

Instead of guineas, I charge you 5s. . . . On receipt of 1s. (merely as deposit), I send you my Electro-Galvanic Belt (British-made, to fit your size, needs no recharging, lasts a lifetime), and you can pay the balance of 4s. by weekly instalments if you keep the Belt. . . . I sell cheaply because I make wholesale and have no bad debts. . . . On the contrary, many gratified clients have paid the 4s. balance in one sum before the week's trial was over!

Just send me your name and address and enclose P.O. 1s., and by return you will receive the Vita Electro-Magnetic Belt post free.

It gives no shocks; it is made for your size, and you are unconscious of its presence except for the novel sense of new vigour, new efficiency in business, new and amazing delight in life.

Say whether you are Mr., Mrs., or Rev., etc., and **do not forget to give the size round your waist next the skin.**

Write to W. SCOTT-KELLY, 87, Belfast Chambers, 156 Regent Street, London, W.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

My prophecies are all coming true.

* * *

I told my readers to have nothing to do with Mexican Rails—they are now slumping badly.

* * *

The Rubber boom has started, and my little favourite is well to the front. Chersonese are now over 4s. I advised a purchase at about 3s.

* * *

My recommendations among Home Rails continue to show fine traffic increases weekly. Brighton Def. over £4,000 last week, Districts over £2,000, and South Eastern over £6,000.

* * *

If you invest your money in these stocks you cannot go wrong. They are bargains waiting for you to pick up, and are all at much higher levels than when I first recommended them.

* * *

I have had a batch of letters from readers this week stating they have purchased Exploring Land and Minerals on my advice. I am very pleased to hear it, as they have got in at the low level, and as the Rhodesian market expands the shares will go to nine or ten shillings.

* * *

I have received some inside news this week about another Rhodesian company, where I shall be able to do my readers a good turn—I cannot say more until next week.

* * *

With regard to Rubber shares. I advise readers to be extremely careful in their choice, as many of the shares have been rapidly pushed up in price during the little "boomlet," but if any reader writes to me I shall be pleased to recommend those shares that are still likely to go much higher.

* * *

For a low price share in the Rubber market I should recommend in addition to Chersonese, before referred to, Komboks, a 2s. share and the present price about 3s. 9d.

* * *

The prices of all shares in the Oil market are keeping very firm, no sensational rises having taken place yet, and are not likely to until well in September, when I feel sure this market will be taken in hand.

* * *

Now, however, is the time for my readers to get in so as to secure their holdings before the rise, and then if they wish sell out at a good profit.

* * *

There are many good things in the Oil market, and at any time I shall be pleased to advise readers what to buy, according to the amount they have to invest, and at the same time recommend a reliable broker if desired.

* * *

Despite the holiday month of August, Tin shares in all cases hold up and already incline towards better prices, which is the surest sign that they have touched bottom, and are, therefore, a safe speculation, with every chance of a good profit during the next two or three months.

* * *

I again repeat my advice to readers to leave South Africans severely alone, but in the case of Rhodesia there are one or two good mines and land shares which I will from time to time advise my readers of.

* * *

I have already strongly recommended Exploring Land and Minerals, and readers who have not yetpurchased some of these shares should do so now, and as I mentioned above I have received some inside news about a mine in Rhodesia which I hope to be in a position to give my readers further information about next week.

* * *

Readers may wonder why I am continually hammering away at them to purchase Metropolitan Districts in the Home Railway market. It is because I believe in this line out and out and the near future will see these shares rising considerably. The extract printed below is from the "Financial Times" of Thursday last, and I think any reader who contemplates a purchase of the District Ordinary Stock will agree with me that now is the time to buy. The present price is only £39.

DISTRICT TRAFFICS.

Home railway traffic returns generally have been very satisfactory of late, but the District Railway still stands out conspicuously in this respect, especially bearing in mind that the returns of this railway were excellent a year ago. The latest weekly return for a normal week showed an increase of no less than £1,414, or over 15 per cent., and the increase for eight weeks to date is no less than £8,515. Week by week the increases have been as follows:—

1st week	£587	
2nd ,, ...	356	
3rd ,, ...	575	
4th ,, ...	750	
5th ,, ...	1,545	
6th ,, ...	1,280	
7th ,, ...	2,008	(compared with strike in 1911)
8th ,, ...	1,414	
Total ...	£8,515	

The month of August up to the 25th alone shows an increase of about £6,500, and for the whole of the month they will probably reach about £8,000. The working statement for July showed a net decrease of about £1,000, as the expenses rose abnormally. For August, however, with an equally large increase in expenses, the net profit should reach about £5,000, and the traffic prospect remains good. The District was the only railway which was able to raise its dividend for the first half of 1912, when it paid 2 per cent. on the Second Preference, against nil. As this rate was also paid for the second half of 1911, the present rate of progress indicates that at least the full dividend is being earned upon the Second Preference. In view of these facts, there is certainly no reason for the recent decline in the Ordinary stock from 51 to its present price of 39.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

T. H. HODGSON (York).—The sum you want to invest is very small, instead of oils, buy 15 Chersonese in the Rubber Market.

G.G. (Leith).—Sell your Val D'or and buy Chersonese or Exploring Land and Minerals at about 6s.

J.M.B. (Bradford).—I am glad to hear you have bought 100 Exploring Land and Minerals also 200 Chersonese. Do not sell your Kern River Shares just yet, as they are likely to go better. Spies are well worth purchasing at current price.

W.J. (South Wales).—Hold your Way Hamlin a little longer. Exploring Land and Minerals would be good to buy now for a 2s. or 3s. rise.

SMALL INVESTOR (Paisley).—Farrow's Bank may be safe, but it would be better for you to put your money into the Savings Bank at 2½ per cent. interest.

WHITE (Dulwich).—Buy 50 Exploring Land and Minerals and 20 Chersonese.

J.H. (Tooting).—Read what I say about Districts in my article this week.

S.E. (Tunbridge Wells).—Have nothing to do with the outside broker whose name you mention. I will send you name of member of Stock Exchange if you like.

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BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

G.C. (Cults.)—For selling your stamp collection, try Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Strand, W.C. We thank you for your kind remarks.

"MILES" (York).—(1)The British South Africa Police Force in Rhodesia contains, like every other Colonial police force, a goodly proportion of ex-public schoolboys. (2) Life is not so bad, duties rather humdrum. (3) Promotion to commissioned ranks slow. To sum it all up, not at all a bad life for a man who likes knocking about, but a bit of a "blind alley" job.

"ABERDARE READER."—Apply to High Commissioner for Australia, Victoria Street, S.W. Will "Aberdare Reader" and others please note that we are not prepared to give particulars about emigration to this or that colony in this column. This information is best obtained from the Colonial High Commissioners and Agents General, and in any case we have not the space to spare.

For instance, to detail the emigrant laws of the various States of the Australian Commonwealth, would about fill an entire issue of the MODERN MAN.

R.J. (Stoke).—What in Hades does it matter? Excuse this acrimonious tone. It must be the weather.

W.A.L. (Camberwell).—Apply to Commissioners of Excise and Customs, London, S.W.

J.R.K. (Leith).—If a player throwing in from touch, is such an ass as to throw the ball into his own goal, the other side do not score a goal, and the referee should give a goal kick.

A.L. (Manchester).—If we knew of the sort of "soft job" you are seeking, we should hasten to sit down on it ourselves.

P. O'L. (Ashford).—Balliol College, Oxford, is known as "Basutoland," because there are, or are said to be, so many men of colour there. It is also known as "Belial."

J.L.S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—A candidate for the Army Medical Service must be a registered medical man. The commencing pay of a lieutenant R.A.M.C. is 14s. a day, which, perhaps, is better than doctoring under the National Insurance Act. An Army Medical Officer does not ordinarily exercise executive command outside men of his own corps.

M.J. (Sydenham).—You lose your money. The Scottish verdict of "Non Proven" has the same effect as one of acquittal. That is, the accused can in no circumstances be tried again on the same charge, no matter what fresh evidence may be forthcoming.

R.R. (Greenock).—An officer who holds honorary rank is junior to all fully-commissioned officers of the same rank. Thus, General Botha as an honorary general in our Army, is junior to all ordinary generals, while a Quartermaster and Hon. Captain is junior to all captains, but senior to all lieutenants.

"TOM" (Lancaster).—Asks whether we believe the moon influences the weather. Oh! dry up!

ANGLO-INDIAN (Bombay).—Postal Order for 1s. 2d. and 12 Coupons secures our Fountain Pen to India.

E.M. (Cardiff).—Sorry, but your questions are too numerous to answer in this column. Your best plan is to write direct to Captain R. H. M. Collins, R.N.C.B., Commonwealth of Australia, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

L.J. (Toronto, Canada).—(1) Any horse of various colours in spots or patches is a piebald. This, however, does not apply to a dapple-grey, nor to, say, a brown horse with a white foreleg. He must be distinctly spotted or patched. (2) A skewbald is practically the same as a piebald, but his marking is irregular, whereas that of the true piebald is generally regular. (3) "Black," "white," "brown." Other specific equine colourings are "grey," "roan" (or strawberry), "bay" (reddish brown, inclining to chestnut), and "chestnut." (4) Not sure, but fancy that a "Pinto" is a piebald.

J.B. (Asturias, Spain).—We believe that Harry Lauder both writes the words and composes the music of his songs, or, at least, most of them. Thanks for good wishes, which we heartily reciprocate.

UP AGAINST THEM.

You may never have suffered from debility, nervousness, general weakness, rheumatism or indigestion; we sincerely hope you have not and that you never will; but if you do, deal with at once. Neglect is extremely dangerous and may entail life-long trouble.

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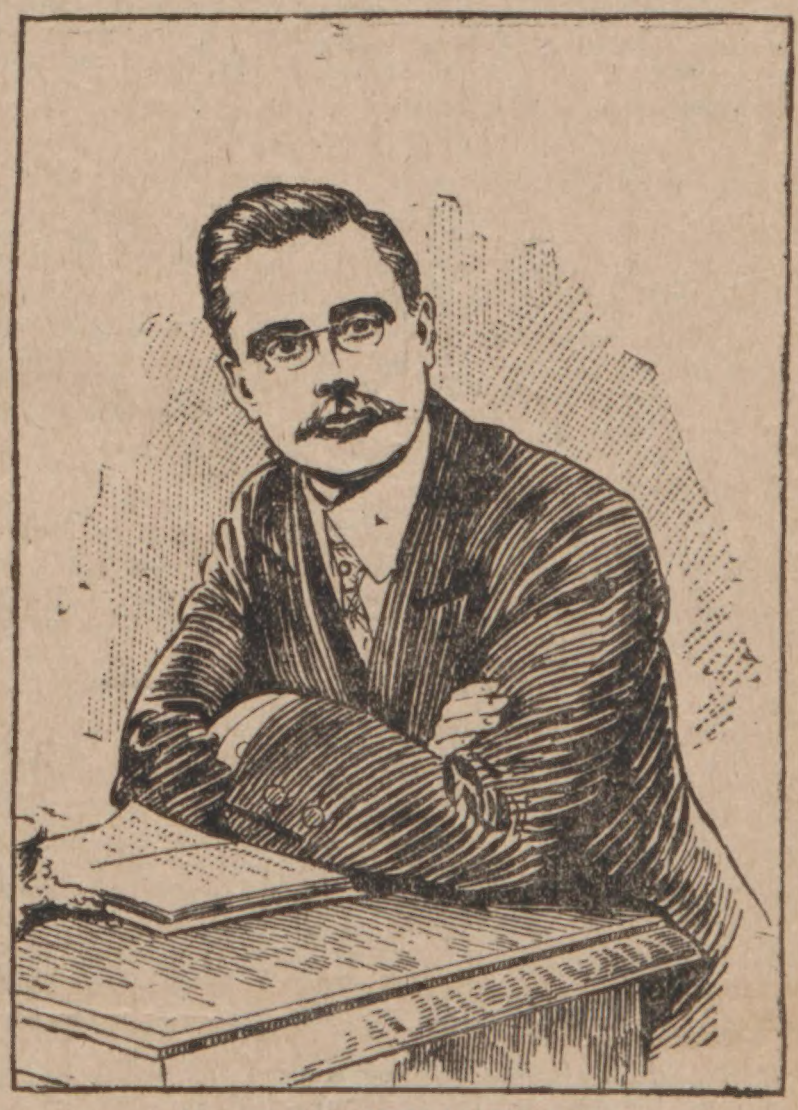

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

My wires were not so successful last week as they generally are, and I suppose, like all other turf prophets, I struck a bad patch. I know of some good things going this week which will soon put readers on the right side. The charge for this service is 5s. (five shillings) weekly, or a single message will be sent for 1s. (one shilling). To meet the convenience of readers who cannot take midday messages or have to leave home too early in the morning to receive letters, messages will be telegraphed overnight to those readers who require them.

Reports from the training centres are all to the effect that the St. Leger candidates continue to show a clean bill of health, and provided nothing occurs in the interim, we are promised a more interesting race than at one time seemed likely. Lomond keeps his place at the top of the market quotations, though since writing my notes last week he has eased a bit, owing to a good amount of money coming for Sweeper II., as I said it would. The Two Thousand winner will be still further backed during the ensuing week, and the probability is that he will start second favourite.

At Newmarket, Maiden Erlegh is as favourably spoken of as any candidate trained there, and the "watchers" are not now as doubtful of his ability to get the distance as was at one time the case. Next week I have to give a definite selection for the race, and will deal with it as fully as possible in the space at my disposal.

The Nursery Handicaps.

This week the first of the Nursery handicaps are set for decision, and backers will be well advised to play very lightly when dealing with these events. They have more or less always proved a pitfall for even the most knowledgeable people, and this season will be no exception.

Juveniles which in the early part of the season were down the course, will now be showing surprising form, whereas some of the recent winners will be hopelessly overshadowed. 'Twas ever thus.

Racegoers are well catered for all over the country this week, there being no less than five meetings. Lewes has a clear day on Monday, as has Derby on Tuesday and Wednesday, but on the next two days Folkestone clashes with Derby on the Thursday, and with Manchester on Friday, whilst Kempton Park clashes with the latter meeting on Saturday.

Appended are my selections:—

LEWES—Monday.
Selling Nursery Handicap: ADERNA.
Sussex Handicap: GIRL OF THE WEST
Lewes Nursery Handicap: HARRY PRESTON.

DERBY—Tuesday.
Hartington Plate: WARLINGHAM.
Friary Nursery Plate: ORIOLITA G.
Kedleston Selling Plate: BILL BANG.

DERBY—Wednesday.
Devonshire Nursery Plate: OCYDROME.
Portland Plate: BATTLE-AXE.

DERBY—Thursday.
Peveril of the Peak Handicap: BEAUREPAIRE.
Rangemore Plate: NANKEEN.
Elvaston Nursery Plate: THROSGA.

FOLKESTONE—Thursday.
Folkestone September Handicap: MAXIMA.
Leas Nursery Handicap: CRYSTAL GAZER.
Moderate T.Y.O. Plate: BRAMBLE JELLY F.
Lympne Selling Handicap: IMPERIOUS COLT.
Cliff Plate: PLUME.

FOLKESTONE—Friday.
Romsey Handicap: EBLIS.
Hythe Welter Plate: MUSTAPHA.
Dover Handicap: VESTA.

MANCHESTER—Friday.
Lancaster Nursery Handicap: ROCKFAST.
Egerton Three-Year-Old Handicap: GRAYLING IV.
Cromwell Handicap: DORANDO.

MANCHESTER—Saturday.
Wilton Handicap: LADY TORRINGTON.
Prince Edward Handicap: MYNORA.

KEMPTON—Saturday.
Earlsfield Handicap: SANDWORT.
September Nursery Handicap: BLACK SANDAL.
Maiden Three-Year-Old Plate: MORDKIN.

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Never before, in the whole history of journalism, has any paper offered to its readers a gold-pointed Fountain Pen at such a low price as we are charging.

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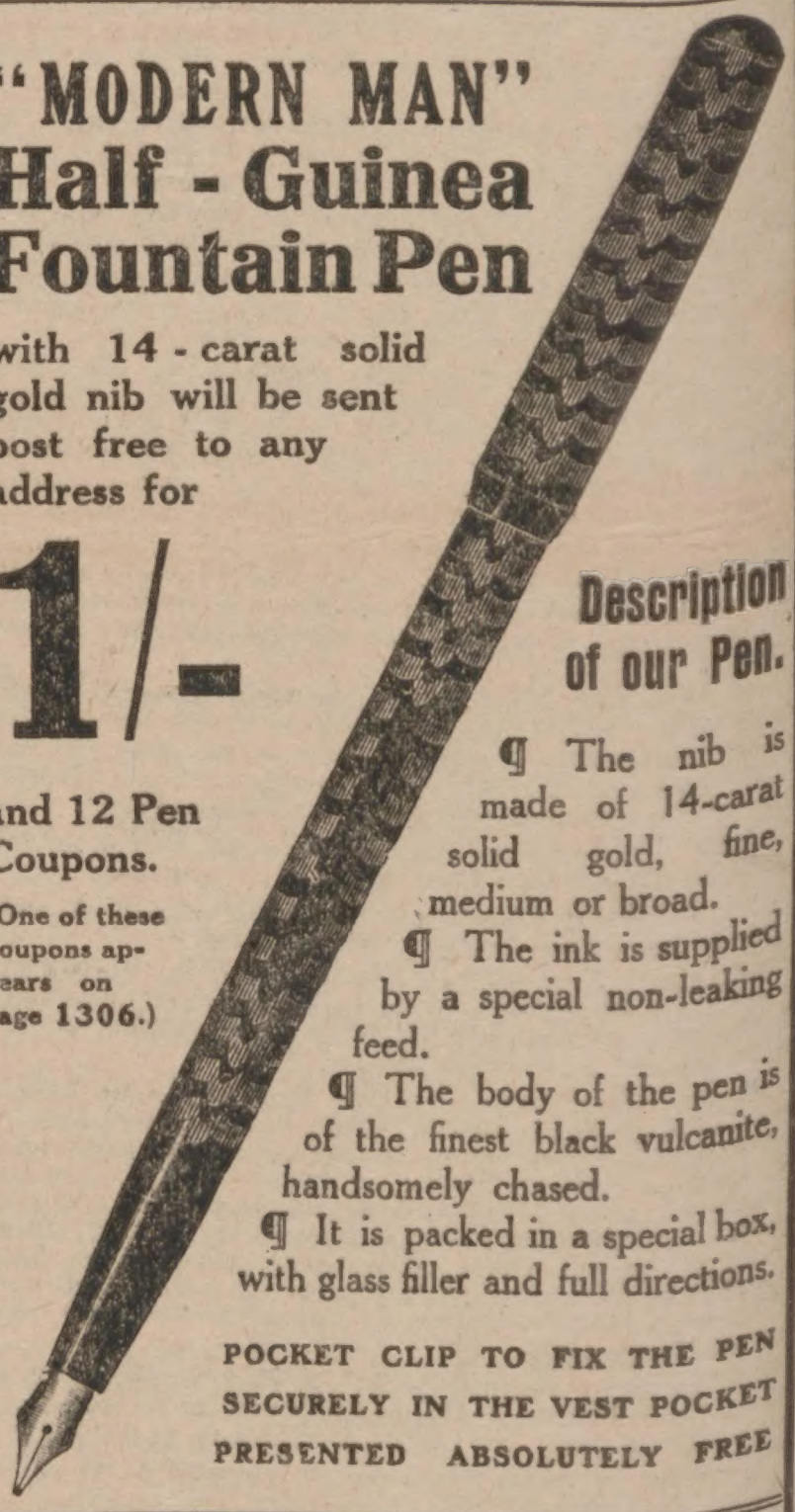
(One of these coupons appears on page 1306.)



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HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PENS.

On page 1306 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a postal order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," MODERN MAN Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

"INVESTING" IN "EVENING DRESS."

A.M. (Leominister) informs me that he is about to buy his first evening dress suit, and asks my advice in the matter. Gladly given.

For the man of moderate means an evening dress suit is not so much a mere purchase as an investment. I mean that if it is a mistake at any time to sacrifice cut and material to cheapness in clothes it is never more so than in the case of evening togs. They are simply horrible if made of inferior cloth and badly cut. Therefore it is worth while to patronise a really first-class tailor for evening dress and to pay the ten guineas which is the least that he is likely to demand.

Then the man of moderate means does not wish to have to get another dress suit in a hurry. Indeed, he usually wants it to last him his life-time, or precious near it, and it will if he is willing to go to a good man and to pay a fair price for the best material and workmanship.

But he must be careful to avoid extremes of evening dress fashion, or a few years will find him wearing evening togs which look hopelessly eccentric.

Many a man of moderate means, for instance, who went in for a velvet collared dress coat has lived to regret his precipitance.

My advice to "A.M." then is to go to a first-class tailor, explain to him that it will be a long time before he can afford another dress suit, and ask him to supply one which, though it may never be in the height of fashion, will never be hopelessly *démodé*.

HAIR BRUSHES.

J.B.W. (Herne Hill) has been offered a pair of hair brushes as a present for his next birthday, and asks what sort I should recommend.

Naturally, I favour the military pattern as being convenient to use and easily packed.

As regards material, I know "good men and true" who have silver or tortoise-shell-backed hair-brushes, but I confess they strike me as a trifle ostentatious, not to say "womanish."

A manly, and at the same time handsome pair of brushes, in my opinion, is that with ebony backs, with your crest or monogram on them in silver.

CLEANING HAIR BRUSHES.

Having got a good pair of brushes it is your duty to keep them clean and in good condition.

A common practice is to wash them in hot water and soap. This is the very thing *not* to do. Hot water and soap soon soften and ruin the hair of the brush. Hair brushes should be washed in *cold* water to which a little soda has been added.

If you are in the habit of using hair oil or grease of any kind the soda will quickly and harmlessly remove it.

The brush should not be rubbed, or only very lightly when being washed.

Again, brushes after washing are often put out in the sun or near a fire to dry. This quickly ruins them. After washing shake them well, and then stand them on end in a shady place.

BROWN "BOWLERS."

I am told that brown "bowlers" will be popular this winter.

The King is very partial to one, and a good many men of fashion are following His Majesty's lead. At one time brown bowlers were very fashionable, and then fell into great disfavour.

Indeed, in my own regiment any youngster joining with a brown bowler was politely requested not to wear it, and it and he met trouble more than half way if the hint were disregarded.

I have no prejudice against the brown bowler, but it is not a poor man's hat. It goes very well with brown or fawn-coloured clothes, but does not harmonise well with greys and is a positive and shrieking discord with blacks and blues.

Still, the brown bowler's probable revival may interest you.

ALONE HE DID IT.

Lieutenant-General Sir James Hills-Johnes, G.C.B., who won the Victoria Cross in India fifty-five years ago, has entered upon his eighteenth year.

During his active career, which ended in 1888, he was seven times mentioned in despatches and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. He won the V.C. as a young lieutenant at the siege of Delhi. He was in command of two guns when the camp was surprised by the enemy's cavalry, whereupon he charged a body of the enemy alone and unsupported and saved his battery. His own life was afterwards saved by his commanding officer. General Hills-Johnes is now chairman of the Carmarthenshire Territorial Association.

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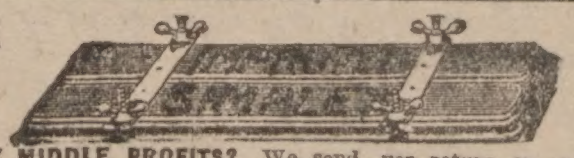

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The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

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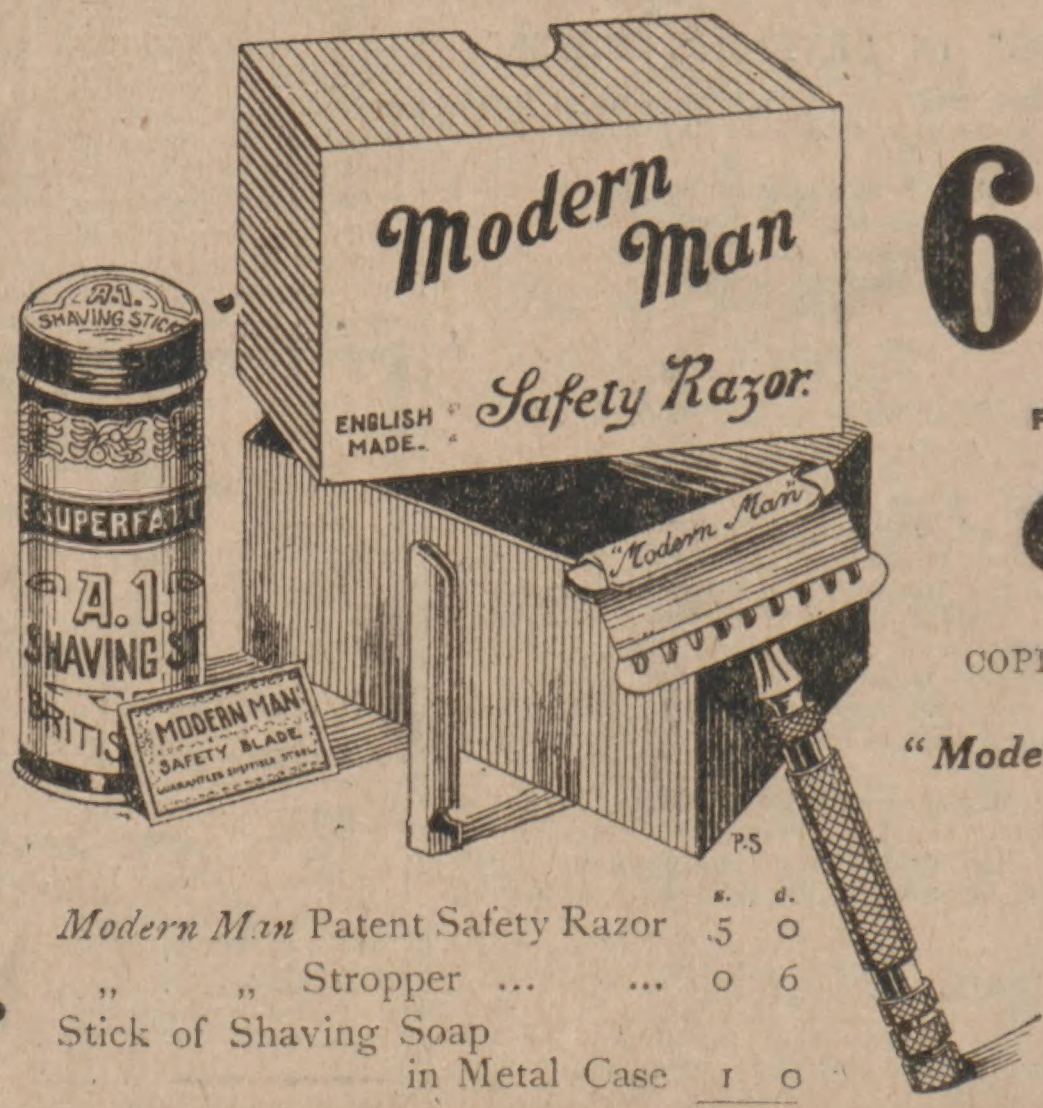

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